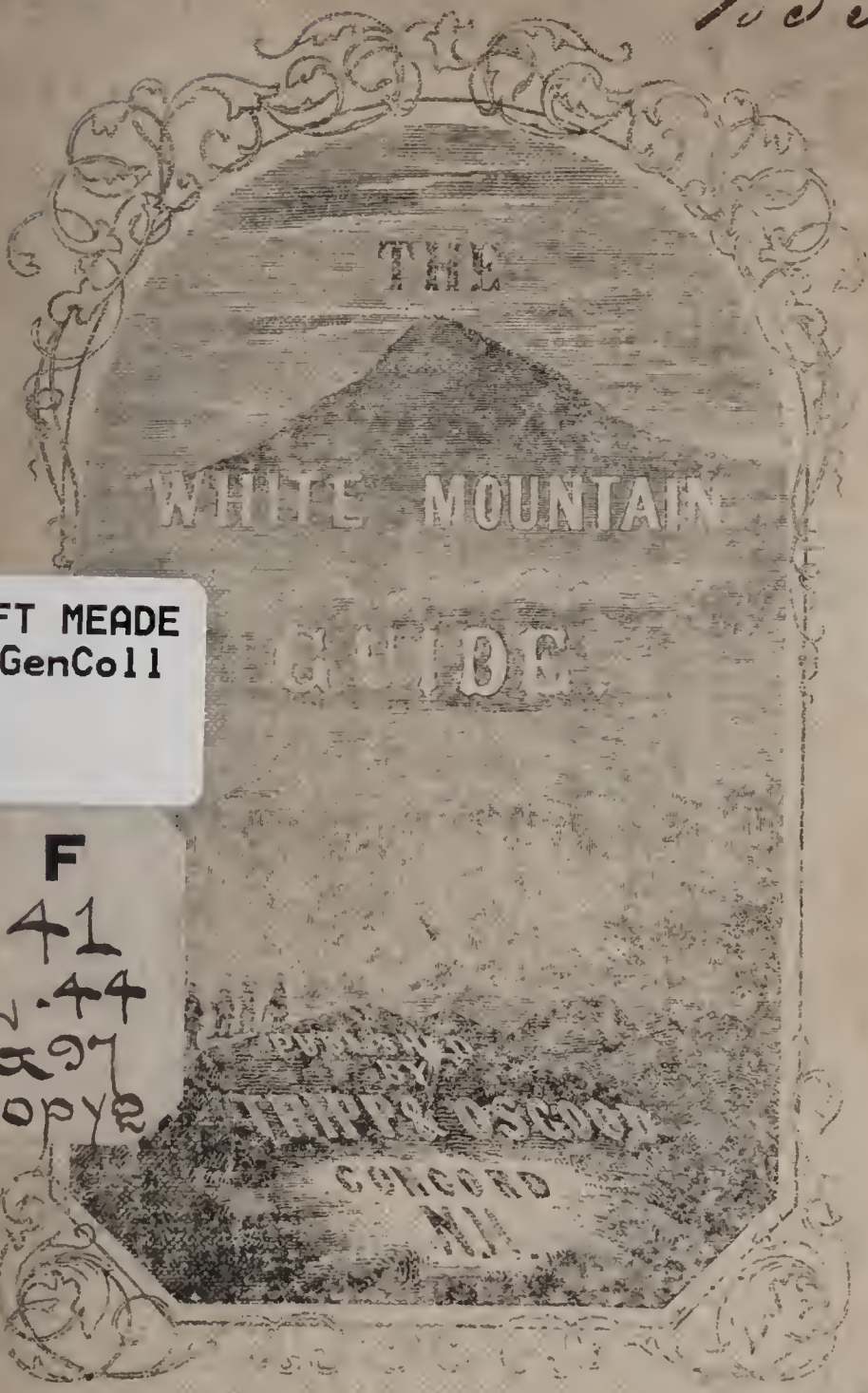
C. Hyde 1855



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Map of NEW ENGLAND

EXHIBITING THE

Rail Road & Telegraphic lines

NOW IN OPERATION.

REFERENCE TO RAIL ROADS.

1. Bangor & Orono
2. Kennebec & Androscoggin
3. Portland & Kennebec
4. Atlantic & St Lawrence
5. Portsmouth Saco and Portland
6. Great Falls & Conway
7. Boston & Maine
8. Portsmouth & Concord
9. Eastern
10. Essex
11. Boston & Lowell
12. Lowell & Nashua
13. Concord
14. Wilton
15. Boston Concord & Montreal
16. Franklin & Bristol
17. Fitchburg
18. Stony Brook
19. Fitchburg & Worcester
20. Peterborough & Shirley
21. Boston & Worcester
22. Norfolk County
23. Boston & Providence
24. Taunton & New Bedford
25. Fall River
26. Old Colony
27. South Shore
28. Cape Cod Branch
29. Providence & Worcester
30. Stonington
31. Worcester & Norwich
32. Western
33. Albany & West Stockbridge
34. Hudson & Berkshire
35. West Stockbridge
36. Berkshire
37. Pittsfield & North Adams
38. Troy & Greenbush
39. Housatonic
40. New York & New Haven
41. New Haven & Hartford
42. Hartford & Springfield
43. Connecticut River
44. Vermont & Massachusetts
45. Cheshire
46. Sullivan
47. Vermont Central
48. Concord & Claremont
49. Northern
50. Connecticut River & Passumpsic
51. Harlaem
52. Mohawk & Hudson
53. Saratoga & Ballston
54. Whitehall
55. Troy & Saratoga
56. Troy & Schenectady
57. Naugatuck
58. Long Island
59. Montreal & St Johns
60. Rutland
61. Ogdensburg

Note. The numbers accompanied with "T" indicate Telegraphic lines

Railroads ----------

Telegraphs - - - - - -

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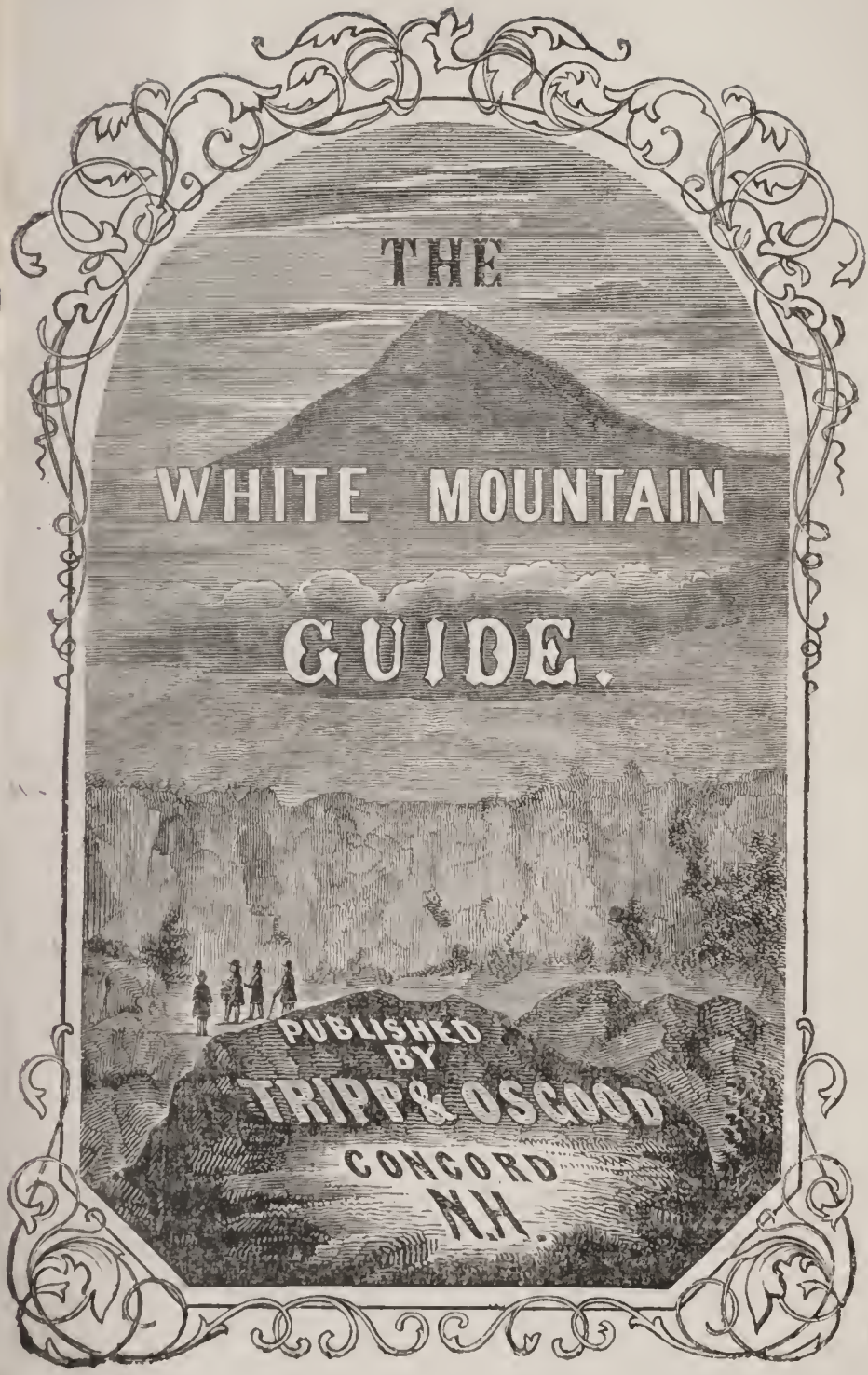
THE
WHITE MOUNTAIN
GUIDE.
PUBLISHED
BY
TRIPP & OSGOOD
CONCORD
N.H.

TRIPP'S

WHITE MOUNTAIN GUIDE BOOK;

OR,

GUIDE TO THE MOUNTAIN AND LAKE SCENERY

OF

NEW-HAMPSHIRE:

CONTAINING

MINUTE AND ACCURATE DESCRIPTIONS

OF ALL

OBJECTS OF INTEREST ON THE ROUTES.

FOURTH EDITION—ILLUSTRATED.

BOSTON:

REDDING & COMPANY, 8 STATE ST.

NEW-YORK: E. H. TRIPP, GREENWICH ST.

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PREFACE TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

The publishers of the White Mountain Guide, encouraged by the liberal patronage bestowed upon three previous editions, herewith present the fourth. They deem it necessary to state that the undertaking of furnishing the public with a reliable book of information concerning this interesting portion of our State, embracing many new and important changes in the routes thither, together with those made in the public accommodations, not only all along upon the various lines of railway, but in the immediate vicinity of the scenery commanding the attention of the traveller, is one of no little care and responsibility. Undoubtedly some errors may occur in our present edition, although no pains and expense has been spared necessary to render it an acceptable and reliable companion to the traveller for pleasure.

Confidently believing that this work contains more reliable information than any other book yet published, in regard to the White Mountains, and believing, also, that in its present enlarged form, together with the additional improvements in its pictorial appearance, it will be duly appreciated, we anticipate for it a generous reception by the thousands who annually visit these highly popular places of resort.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1852,
By E. B. TRIPP and R. C. OSGOOD
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of New-Hampshire.

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SUPPLEMENT TO GUIDE.

Since the preceding pages were struck off a few changes of some importance have occurred. By the completion of the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad to Wells River, and the White Mt. Railroad (in July) to Littleton, a more expeditious line of travel is opened, to within a distance of twenty miles of the White Mountains and twelve of the Franconia Mountains, than formerly. The same may be said in regard to the Northern, the Fitchburg, the Cheshire Railroads, &c., whose connections lead over the Passumpsic Road to Wells River, and thence by the White Mountain Railroad to Littleton and the Mountains.

The Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, represented on our general railway map as terminating at Gorham, is now open to the Canada line. The map furnished us by the superintendent, which is inserted at page 19, showing the route of that road, and the description following, furnished by the same gentleman, will be found in the main correct.

[With regard to one or two errors, which the Portland Argus has been pleased to style as intending to mislead and prejudice the public mind towards that road, the publisher would here state that such *was not* his intention, and that he has no wish or desire other than to represent all roads and parties fairly; and he would again repeat, what is above stated, that the manuscript from which the description of that road was compiled, was furnished him by its superintendent—and he doubts not is in the main correct.]

With regard to hotels: where changes have occurred, the traveller will, no doubt, find the same conveniences, courtesy and attention as formerly.

The recent demolition, by fire, of Fabyan's Mt. Washington House, naturally leads to the inquiry if sufficient accommodations can now be furnished to the great numbers annually visiting the Mountains? In answer to this question we would say that the enterprising landlord of the Crawford House, Maj. Gibb, has extended the wings of his House, and also repaired the Old Notch House and refurnished it; and we are assured by him that ample accommodations will be furnished to all. At Franconia Notch the landlord of the Flume House, Mr. Taft, has opened, or is about to open, a new hotel in the vicinity of the Old Man of the Mountain; and the traveller will there find a comfortable home, good attention and beautiful scenery, amidst the many natural curiosities clustering around that highly popular resort.

Concord, June, 1853.

GUIDE.

New-York to White Mountains.

Via Boston.

One of the most natural, and agreeable ways of travelling from New-York to Boston, or of returning from Boston to New-York, is undoubtedly that for a long time past known so favorably to the public as the Bay State Line. This is not spoken unadvisedly. Other routes have other attractions and offer inducements that cannot be held out here. Some make a quicker passage — some divide more equally the boat and car riding — some pass through a more beautiful section of country. But for a pleasant combination of all these things which render a trip comfortable, none of all its rivals can excel the Bay State Line.

By far the greater distance between the two cities is performed, on this route, by steamboats; the remaining distance is not much and is not uninteresting.

The new and magnificent steamers Bay State, *Capt. Brown*, and Empire State, *Capt. Brayton*, leave Pier No. 3, North River, on every alternate evening for Fall River and Boston. These boats were built expressly for their present route and unite elegance of finish with strength of model, speed and safety, in no usual degree. There are not, probably, any finer speci-

mens of architecture — designed for a similar purpose, any where afloat. The state-rooms on both of these boats are large and commodious; the cabins are neat and comfortable: the officers gentlemanly and efficient; the servants attentive and orderly. Mr. McGowan, the polite, courteous and considerate steward of the Empire State will afford the traveller any assistance or any information he may desire: and is amply qualified by his tact and experience to render the hours short and pleasant. Mr. Stickney, for a long time the popular conductor of the Fall River trains — now clerk on board the Bay State — can and will do for the traveller who is so fortunate as to secure passage upon that boat — whatever may be needful for his comfort and convenience.

These boats leave their wharf in New-York at five o'clock and their progress down the harbor affords a fine view of some of the most important and most notable objects in that vicinity. The Jersey City, Staten Island and South Ferry Boats are all seen crossing the Bay. Brooklyn, with its shipping, lies to the right. The more notable wharves of New-York, with the countless ships, from all quarters of the globe that throng them, are on the left. The United States Navy Yard, fronting Wallabout Bay, is next on the Brooklyn side. Blackwell's Island, with the City Alms-House, the City Penitentiary, the City Lunatic Asylum and other public I nstitutions, is afterwards visible. Hell-Gate is passed. The United States Fort is seen, and an onward progress of two hours opens Long Island

Sound. The coasts of Connecticut to the left and of Long Island to the right are plainly visible. Small craft are continually passing on their way to the city. And very frequently the steamers of the Stonington and of the Norwich & Worcester routes are running down the same course, at nearly the same time.

The distance from New-York to Newport is one hundred and fifty-two miles. It is eighteen miles farther to Fall River.

At Newport — one of the most fashionable summer resorts in the country — and a place abounding in fine hotels — hacks and carriages are always to be obtained. The usual hour of arrival at Newport is so early, however, that passengers are not up; and indeed all the beauty and loveliness of Narragansett Bay — one of the most lovely and picturesque in the Union — is generally passed before the traveller is awakened from his sleep. Fall River is reached about six o'clock, and only time enough is afforded for a transit from the boat to the cars before the latter are in motion. Another train however leaves Fall River for Boston an hour later, so that those who prefer to sleep over and get their breakfast on board the boat can reach the city in time for the noon train north.

At Myric's, twelve miles from Fall River, the New Bedford & Taunton Road is crossed. At Middleboro', seven miles farther, the Cape Cod road intersects with the Fall River. At West Bridgewater, sixteen miles onward, the morning train from Plymouth is met. At Braintree, the Fall River separates from the Old

Colony road and near by the road to Cohasset branches off. A steamer runs in connection with this line to and from Providence daily.

The entire distance from New-York to Boston thus is two hundred and twenty-three miles and from Fall River fifty-three and a half. The running time is thirteen hours — averaging nearly seventeen miles to the hour, which is sufficiently rapid for pleasure travel, at least. Mr. THOMAS J. CLAFLIN is the conductor over the Fall River Railroad. His intimate knowledge of all the localities on the line of the road and of all the trains which intersect with this, either in Boston or New-York, qualify him for much usefulness to the traveller: his politeness and courtesy will render the task a pleasure to him.

Those adopting this line in New-York will find themselves in Boston, after a view of much that is pleasant and worthy being seen in the harbor of the former city, after a good supper and a good night's rest, in all respects ready and prepared for a day's travel which shall place them among the Mountains.

Via Stonington Route.

The same views in New-York harbor, which we have described in connection with the Bay State line, belong to this also. Their hours of departure, too, are the same. The route is, however, very different.

The superior and splendid steamboats, COMMODORE and VANDERBILT, leave their wharf in New-York, at Pier No. 1, North River, every evening at five o'clock.

They are strong and speedy boats — admirably adapted to the wants and necessities of the route. The Vanderbilt was, when built, the fastest steamer in the world; having ran twenty-two miles in one hour. She is still unsurpassed by any boats upon the Sound. The Commodore is a very superior steamer, with as good accommodations as are to be found upon any of the others running between New-York and Boston.

The usual time of arrival at Stonington is three o'clock, A. M. A special train leaves immediately, on the arrival of the boat, for Boston. The distance thence is ninety-nine miles, and is usually accomplished by or before seven o'clock. Providence, one of the the most important places in this section, is about fifty miles from Stonington. The Providence & Worcester Railroad branches off from the Stonington a few miles beyond Providence. At Marshfield the New-Bedford & Taunton road intersects. At Dedham the Norfolk County Railroad has its junction.

Another train leaves Stonington for Boston at about seven o'clock, A. M., thus affording those who may prefer to continue their sleep and obtain breakfast before starting an opportunity of doing so.

The Express Mail Train arrives in season for the morning train over the Fitchburg, Lowell, and Boston & Maine roads.

Via Norwich & Worcester.

The fine and commodious steamers KNICKERBOCKER and CONNECTICUT, leave Pier No. 18, North River,

foot of Courtlandt street, daily, at five o'clock in the afternoon, for Allyn's Point, where they connect with the railroad to Worcester and from thence by various intersecting routes to Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Nashua, Concord, and the White Mountains.

These boats leave promptly at their stated hours. Their Pier is the most contiguous of any occupied by the Sound Lines, to the Irving, Astor, Metropolitan, and other important Hotels. The passage affords a fine view of the Hudson and East rivers, and the route being inland, avoids the exposure of Point Judith and through Fisher's Island Sound. Passengers can, if they prefer, arrive in Boston at an early hour, by the steamboat train, or have the privilege of remaining and breakfasting on board the steamer, and take the early train from Norwich to Boston. The same is true with passengers for the White Mountains, by Nashua or Fitchburg, who do not visit Boston. They can proceed either by the early steamboat train, which will arrive that night at the Mountains — or by the later accommodation train, which runs only part way through.

There are peculiar advantages enjoyed by the Norwich & Worcester route for summer travel to the north. The distances either to Winnipiseogee Lake or the White Mountains are very much less over this than any other line; and at Groton Junction the railroad connections are such that the traveller may have a choice of all the different routes to the Mountains.

Allyn's Point is on the Thames river, about ten miles from its mouth, and is the depôt of the Norwich

& Worcester Railroad. It is usually reached by the boats at about two o'clock, A. M. The train leaves immediately. The distance to Worcester is sixty-six miles. There are but two stoppages of the Express train on the way and it is reached at six o'clock. Passengers for Boston proceed by the cars of the Boston & Worcester road, running in connection with the Norwich & Worcester, to that city, distance forty-five miles, and arrive in season for the morning trains east from Boston.

Those, however, who are desirous of reaching the Lake or Mountains with the least fatigue and at the earliest moment will continue on by the Worcester & Nashua railway, for the latter place, distant forty-five miles; there connecting with the seven o'clock train from Boston, and reaching Centre Harbor, the Flume House, the Crawford House, Wells River and St. Johnsbury the same evening.

GROTON JUNCTION is twenty-eight miles from Worcester and seventeen from Nashua. Here the Worcester & Nashua, the Fitchburg, the Stony Brook and the Peterboro' & Shirley railroads connect. There is no change of cars at this place for those intending to reach Nashua. Those who prefer travelling up the valley of the Connecticut will take the cars of the Fitchburg road, which arrive and leave at the same hour with the Worcester & Nashua.

NASHUA is the junction of the Concord, the Wilton, and the Worcester roads. It is reached by the first train. Concord is thirty-five miles from here.

The section of country through which the line of travel from Allyn's Point to Nashua, leads, is fertile and populous. There are numerous towns and villages on the way, few of which however are stopping places for the Express trains. A full description of them would render this work altogether too large for its intended purposes, while it would very slightly augment the gratification of the tourist. A more minute journal of the road will be found as the approach comes nearer to the White Mountains.

Any information desired by those passing over the Norwich & Worcester road, concerning the connections etc., can be obtained at the office of Mr. A. C. HALL, the gentlemanly agent of the line. Through tickets can also be procured of him for Concord, Plymouth, Wells River and intermediate stations.

Via New Haven and Springfield.

Of all the routes leading from New-York to the Mountains by way of Boston or Nashua — undoubtedly the most expeditious, but perhaps the most fatiguing, is the one by cars, through New-Haven, Springfield and Worcester. Those who prefer railroad to steamboat travelling will find this as agreeable as any other.

NEW-HAVEN, the "City of Elms," is seventy-six miles from New-York. It shares the honors of legislation for Connecticut with Hartford, and is also the seat of Yale College.

HARTFORD — thirty-six miles from New-Haven, is an old and well-settled town, tastefully laid out and adorned with many beautiful residences. It has a population of about fifteen thousand, a city charter, and is the seat of Trinity College, an Episcopal Institution. At this place the Williamantic road, intended hereafter to form another line of travel between New-York and Boston, crosses the track of the New-Haven & Springfield road. At

WINDSOR LOCKS, thirteen miles from Hartford, the road crosses the Connecticut, in the valley of which river it has run from New-Haven and along which it continues to Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, sixty-two miles from New-Haven, and one hundred and thirty-eight from New-York, is the junction of the Western and the Connecticut River Valley Railroads. There is a stoppage of about fifty minutes here, for the Western train to arrive — affording sufficient time for a hasty dinner and a drive to the United States Armory, about one mile distant. There is an omnibus in waiting before the depôt, on the arrival of every train, to convey visiters to and from the Armory. The Massasoit hotel — a first class house — is directly in front of the depôt and will afford the traveller good accommodations and every comfort, whether he tarries for a train, a day, a week, or a year.

Passengers for the Mountains, by way of the Connecticut River Valley, will find a further description of that route under its appropriate head.

PALMER, — fifteen miles from Springfield, is the junction of the Western road with the Palmer & Norwich.

WORCESTER is fifty-four miles from Springfield, one hundred and ninety-two from New-York and forty-four from Boston. The Worcester & Nashua, Worcester & Norwich, Providence & Worcester, and Western railroads all centre here. It is the shire town of the most wealthy and important agricultural county in Massachusetts, and is celebrated for the beauty of its houses, its streets, and its horses.

BOSTON is forty-four miles from Worcester. The road leads through very many beautiful villages and thriving towns, at which the through trains from New-York do not stop. The usual running time between the two cities is seven hours.

Via Connecticut River Valley.

The most direct and immediate way for the inhabitants of New-York city to the White Mountains is, undoubtedly, that leading through the cities of New-Haven, Hartford and Springfield and along the banks of the Connecticut river to Wells River or St. Johnsbury. It is undoubtedly the most *direct* route. Whether the fatigue, incident to so extended a railway ride, and the absence of the wild scenery which is so peculiar a charm upon the other routes does not, in some sort,

neutralize this advantage is questionable. If the tourist will, however, give two days to the jaunt, the annoyances will be vastly lessened and the pleasure greatly enhanced.

The valley of the Connecticut river is touched at Hartford, thirteen miles south of Springfield — and is not left until Wells River is reached, or Barnet, fifteen miles from Wells River.

From New-York to New-Haven the road coasts the shore of Long Island Sound, passing through many villages partially engaged in commerce and ship-building. From New-Haven to Hartford it visits an agricultural section; with many pleasant farms and farm-houses. Thence to Springfield the railway runs through farms, which lie in the valley of the river, and are among the best in New-England.

HOLYOKE, or the New City, is eight miles from Springfield. It is a rapidly increasing place, possessed of great manufacturing facilities. The Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary is located but a few miles from here.

NORTHAMPTON — a pleasant and business-like town — is ten miles on. Amherst College is seven miles distant, on the opposite side of the river. Passing from here through a number of small towns, without especial size, interest or celebrity, through beautiful meadows and farms, coasting along the pleasant banks of the Connecticut river for nineteen miles the traveller reaches

GREENFIELD, where the Vermont & Massachusetts railroad diverges. At

SOUTH VERNON, MASS., fourteen miles farther, the Ashuelot railroad connects Keene with the Vermont Valley railroad.

BRATTLEBORO', VT., is ten miles from South Vernon. It is in the valley of the Connecticut and is one of the most beautiful villages in New-England. In the war of the Revolution there was a military post here called Fort Dummer; — after which the next town we reach — Dummerston — was named. The scenery between Brattleboro' and Bellows Falls is very beautiful. For a great proportion of the distance the track runs within a few rods of the river's side — which flows between a long and low range of mountains.

BELLOWS FALLS is twenty-four miles from Brattleboro' and two hundred and twenty-two from New-York.

Here is the junction of the Rutland, the Sullivan, the Cheshire and the Vermont Valley Railways. The ISLAND HOUSE, but a few steps from the depôt, has been lately built and is well furnished. Its table is unexceptionable. There are other hotels, however, affording good accommodations, within the town, distant about half a mile from the depôt. There is a view obtainable from the bridge over the Connecticut in this place well worthy of the tourist's attention. The river

which above is deep, broad and tranquil, with a width of about a thousand feet, and which below expands to an equal or greater surface, is at this spot, beneath the bridge, compressed within a channel not more than twenty feet wide. Through this channel — on both sides confined within granite walls — the whole current of the Connecticut is forced, with a power and rapidity that whitens its waters like a tide of snow-flakes. The fall is in no place perpendicular but in the distance of half a mile the waters descend forty-two feet.

Bellows Falls was formerly frequented by the Indians, for the purpose of salmon-fishing. Before any dams were constructed below this point in the river, salmon were caught here in great numbers. They rarely ascended above these falls. Just below the bridge, on the west side of the river, is a large flat rock upon which a large number of rude faces are to be seen, having been cut by the Indians, perhaps centuries ago. They can be reached without difficulty, and are well worth notice.

The stranger who wishes to carry away a distinct impression of the vicinity should not fail to ascend Fall Mountain, across the river. From the summit of this elevation there is a most charming prospect. Ladies can reach the summit, even on foot, without fatigue. No guide is needed, as there is a good path the whole distance.

CLAREMONT, eighteen miles from Bellows Falls, is a pleasant manufacturing village, on a small stream

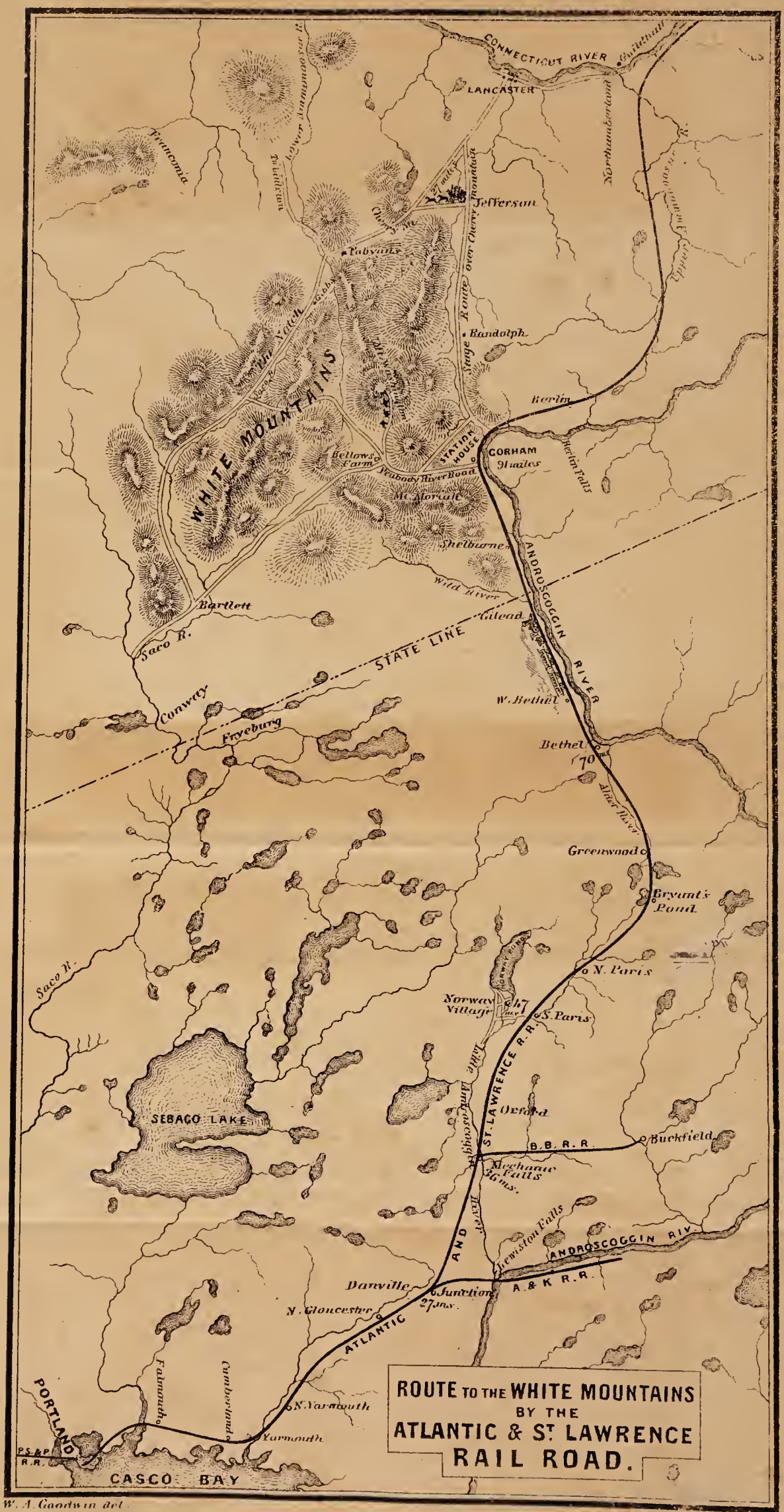
emptying into the Connecticut. There are several cotton, woolen and paper mills here besides some other manufacturing establishments. It is expected that before long the Concord & Claremont Railroad will reach here.

WINDSOR, Vt., is a place of some size and importance, eleven miles from Claremont. Ascutney Mountain, a detached peak of the Green Mountain range — thirty-two hundred feet high, rises to the south of the town and can be easily ascended. The Vermont State Prison is located here and has obtained considerable reputation for the quality of the rifles, muskets and pistols manufactured by the inmates.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION is fourteen miles from Windsor, two hundred and sixty-five from New-York, one hundred and fifty-four from Boston, forty from Wells River, eighty from Willoughby Lake and sixty from Franconia Notch.

Four lines of railway connect at this station: the Northern, the Passumpsic, the Vermont Central, and the Connecticut Valley.

A large hotel has been built near the depôt for the accommodation of travel. It is kept by Mr. H. F. Willis, who will spare no pains to render it a pleasant stopping place and summer resort.


ROUTE TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS
BY THE
ATLANTIC & St. LAWRENCE
RAIL ROAD.
CONNECTICUT RIVER
LANCASTER
Jefferson
Fabyans
Randolph
Sage Route over Cherry mountain
Berlin
CORHAM
9 miles
STATION HOUSE
Bellows Farm
Peabody River Road
Mt. Moriah
Shelburne
Wild River
Gilead
Bartlett
Saco R.
STATE LINE
Conway
Fryeburg
W. Bethel
Bethel
70
Greenwood
Bryant's Pond
N. Paris
S. Paris
Norway Village
ANDROSCOGGIN RIVER
ST. LAWRENCE R.R.
Oxford
Buckfield
B.B.R.R.
Mechanic Falls
26 mls.
Lewiston Falls
ANDROSCOGGIN RIV.
A. & K. R.R.
Danville Junction
27 mls.
N. Gloucester
ATLANTIC AND
Cumberland
Fabmouth
N. Yarmouth
Yarmouth
PORTLAND
P.S.&P. R.R.
CASCO BAY
SEBAGO LAKE
Saco R.
Franconia
Twin Mt.
Crawford Notch
Saco R.
Ammonoosuc R.
Gorham
Androscoggin R.
Upper Androscoggin R.
Norwalk
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Androscoggin R.
Androscoggin R.

Boston to the White Mountains.

There are five routes of travel from Boston to the White Mountains. Two of these pass through Portland, and thence either by way of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad to Gorham or *via* the Sebago Lake and Brandy Pond to Conway. One route is by Dover and across Lake Winnipiseogee. A fourth runs up the valley of the Merrimack River to Concord, N. H., and then divides itself into the Montreal and the Northern Roads. The last of the number is the Fitchburg, which for a great portion of its distance lies along the banks of the Connecticut. Commencing with the most easterly we will describe these various lines with their connections, stations, scenery and the most prominent objects of interest in their vicinity. We will now describe the route

Via Portland.

The distance from Boston to Portland, by railroad, is one hundred and fourteen miles.

The cars of the *Eastern Railway* leave Boston, twice daily, for Portland. The route of this road is, for nearly all its distance, along the shore of the sea; sweeping along many little coves and inlets, crossing numerous creeks and small rivers: sometimes shooting into view retired villages, then suddenly stopping in the heart of New-England cities. It traverses a section very much renowned in history — very thickly inhabited and very carefully cultivated. The beauty of the situations,

with the thrift and neatness which characterize them cannot fail of attracting the attention of the traveller. The breeze from the ocean adds to the pleasure of journeying over this route. Lynn, ten miles from Boston, Salem where is the junction of the *Eastern* with the *Salem* and *Lawrence Railway*, and Portsmouth, are some of the most important places on its line.

At Portsmouth the *Eastern Railway* connects with the *Portsmouth, Saco and Portland*, fifty-four miles from Boston, fifty-one from Portland. The Boston and Maine Road intersects the *Portsmouth, Saco and Portland*, at Berwick. At North Berwick Station, seventeen miles from Portsmouth, the train stops ten minutes, affording ample time for the traveller to procure a cup of coffee — which is excellently made here and deserving of patronage. There are few objects of interest to divert attention between Portsmouth and Portland; few at least that would repay chronicling. Several towns on the route are of importance, such as Saco and Biddeford on the Saco River, built up and sustained by manufactures; — most of the stations are, however, of little interest and the scenery is not remarkable.

The *Boston and Maine Railway* has its depôt in Boston in Haymarket Square. Trains leave twice daily for Portland. This road, pursuing a more inland course than the *Eastern*, passes through Charlestown, Andover, — the seat of a Theological and Academical Institution — Lawrence, where it reaches the Merrimack, and Haverhill, Mass., and Exeter and Dover, N. H.

Its junction with the *Portsmouth, Saco and Portland* is at Berwick, Maine, sixty-seven miles from Boston. The country through which it passes is fertile and well cultivated. The farms and farm-houses on its way are models of neatness. The villages are mostly old and quiet — some of them devoted to manufactures. At New-Market it intersects the Portsmouth and Concord Railway. At Dover, the Cocheco, running to Lake Winnipiseogee, has its beginning. The time occupied on either the Eastern or Boston and Maine Railroad, in running from Boston to Portland, is about five hours.

THE STEAMBOAT connection between Boston and Portland is maintained by the fine Steamers "*St. Lawrence*," and "*John Marshall.*" The former is a boat of about seven hundred and fifty tons; the latter not quite so large. They leave the wharf at the foot of Milk Street in Boston, daily, Saturday and Sunday excepted, and arrive in Portland before morning. Both of these boats are safe, strong and speedy, built expressly for the business in which they are engaged, and admirably adapted to the wants of the travelling community. They have both been thoroughly overhauled and elegantly refitted for this season. They are officered by efficient and gentlemanly men, who will spare no pains to satisfy and accommodate their passengers.

All the reasons which can any where be advanced in favor of steamboat travelling over railway riding may be urged here. A very fine view is obtained of Boston and its harbor — of the Forts and Islands along the harbor and of the ocean. A comfortable supper is to

be obtained on board — and a good night's rest in preparation for the morrow's travel.

PORTLAND is a city containing a population of about ten thousand. It is situate on Casco Bay, possesses a fine harbor and has a commerce — chiefly with the West Indies, — of considerable importance. The Custom House is an edifice of great beauty. There are also many very elegant private residences.

There are two Hotels, in this city, which for accommodation, convenience, etc., may compare favorably, with any in New-England. *The United States Hotel*, by MOSES WOODWARD, is upon the corner of Elm and Congress Streets. It has been recently renovated and fitted up in a superior manner. Its table is not excelled by any on the route. There are attached to it bathing rooms, a livery stable, alleys, etc., etc. Mr. Woodward, its gentlemanly landlord, formerly of the Bangor House in Bangor — both there and here has maintained a high reputation for ministering to the wants and comforts of the travelling community.

The Elm House, by CHARLES H. ADAMS, corner of Temple and Federal Streets, is a large and convenient edifice, every way adapted to the purpose for which it is used. The table is unexceptionable, the rooms large, neat and airy, and the location good. Those stopping in Portland, for a longer or a shorter time, may be assured they will find the Elm House satisfactory in every respect.

It would be unpardonable in us were we to omit noticing, a very unique and most pleasant place of sum-

mer resort, which the Portlanders have about three miles out. The "Cape Cottage," as it is known, is a diminutive Gothic Castle, on Cape Elizabeth, built of granite and finished and furnished in the most superior manner. It overlooks the ship channel, and has a splendid view off towards the ocean. Forts Scammell and Preble are clearly visible from the piazza. It is provided with every variety of pleasure boats, with horses and bowling alleys. The fishing in the vicinity is excellent. Indeed, Cape Cottage is one of the most charming places for a summer resort we have ever visited and its gentlemanly proprietor, Mr. ALEXANDER FOSS, is fully capable of doing the honors.

Atlantic and St. Lawrence Road.

This is the most direct and speedy route from Portland to the White Mountains. Perhaps it is as near and convenient as any from Boston. There are certainly attractions about it possessed by none of its rivals, notwithstanding the country through which it runs is less cultivated and possesses a smaller population than some of the others.

Passenger trains for Gorham leave the depôt, in Portland, twice daily, the last train connecting with the first from Boston. Directly after leaving the depôt the track crosses an inlet of Casco Bay and coasts along the shore of the Bay itself to the Presumpscut River — the outlet of Lake Sebago — which, also, it crosses and reaches the first station at

FALMOUTH, five miles from Portland, a pleasant little village on Casco Bay, formerly engaged to some extent in fishing and ship-building, but now devoted chiefly to agriculture.

CUMBERLAND, four miles farther, is another small village on the Bay — the waters of which, however, are not visible from the cars. It is possessed of many navigable facilities, but, like Falmouth, is engaged mainly in agriculture.

YARMOUTH is eleven miles from Portland. It is a large place and a place of better business capacities than either Falmouth or Cumberland. It is situated on Casco Bay, and is chiefly devoted to mercantile and maritime pursuits, although a large cotton manufactory has been recently erected. At the distance of a mile from Yarmouth is the

JUNCTION — of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence with the Kennebec and Portland Railroad. Just before reaching the Junction the road crosses a stream of no great size, but of some considerable celebrity in the olden time: Royal's River.

During the period of the Salem witchcraft excitement and trials, this stream formed the easternmost boundary of the delusion. Beyond it the powers of darkness and sorcery were supposed, from some unaccountable reason, to have no power; and if any suspected person could prove that he was born to the east of Royal's River, or had ever lived for three months to the east of it, he was immediately acquitted and released.

An incident illustrative of this fact is to be found recorded in one of the earlier volumes of Massachusetts Reports. A very intelligent and likely young man by the name of Burrows, a resident of Portland, was accused of being a wizard and sorcerer, and was brought up for trial. The prepossessing appearance and manners of the young man inclined the court in his favor, and very leading questions were put him for the purpose of obtaining his declaration that he had lived the requisite period of time beyond this river. His integrity, however, was proof against the temptation; the verdict was given and he was hung.

NORTH YARMOUTH is a stopping-place, without note, three miles from the Junction.

WEBBER'S is four miles from North Yarmouth. From thence is a distance of three miles more to

NEW GLOUCESTER, which is just visible on a side-hill upon the left. The section of country, through which we are now passing and have hereafter to pass, although on a line of railway, does not possess many farms of great extent or of so high cultivation as those in the older settled regions. The attention of the inhabitants has been turned to other pursuits, and the sea and the forest have withdrawn much of the energy and capital requisite to render farming either pleasant or profitable. The towns are not populous. The stopping-places are of little interest — except as milestones on the roadside. We shall be forced, therefore, to a more general and hasty description.

COBB'S BRIDGE is twenty-four miles from Portland and three miles from

DANVILLE JUNCTION. The Androscoggin and Kennebec Railway diverges at this point, and steaming off to the east, after a distance of fifty-five miles, reaches the Kennebec at Waterville. The Indian name of this place was *Pejepsco* and it was formerly a portion of North Yarmouth.

HOTEL ROAD is two miles from Danville Junction and three miles from

EMPIRE ROAD. There is a very large and substantial stone bridge or culvert between this place and

MECHANICS' FALLS. Here is a junction with the Buckfield Branch Road, thirteen miles in length, connecting a town of that name with the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Road. This village is a manufacturing place of some considerable size and importance, located on the Little Androscoggin River.

OXFORD is a village of about two thousand inhabitants, possessing a remarkably fertile soil in the valley of the Androscoggin.

NORTH OXFORD is forty-five miles from Portland and seven from

SOUTH PARIS. This village is small, but, for its size one of the most busy and enterprising in Western Maine. It has considerable fertile land, is well watered

and timbered. Norway Village, on a pond of the same name, which is one of the sources of the Little Androscoggin, is but a few miles distant.

NORTH PARIS is the next station, eight miles farther on. The village itself is not visible from the depôt. From this place the country is rocky and rough, — with a grade in the road of sixty feet to the mile,—until we reach

BRYANT'S POND. On the left, while approaching this station, there is a very beautiful view of the Pond, the highest source of the river along which we have lately ridden. In the rear of the Pond is a rocky rise, called, in honor of a physician who lived and labored here eighty years ago, "Mount Christopher." Three beautiful little islands dot the bosom of the water — which with its islets, promontories, capes and bays, forms a miniature sea. Its outlet is on the south side — an old saw-mill, crumbling away on its banks, giving as romantic and picturesque appearance to the locality, such as is sometimes seen in landscape paintings.

LOCKE'S MILLS are sixty-five miles from Portland. Two miles more conveys us to

WALKER'S MILLS, a little burgh at the head waters of Alder River. Leaving here there is a very fine view, on the left hand, of the Mountains of Bethel, covered nearly to the tops with birch and pine.

BETHEL is a flourishing village on the Androscoggin River, which we reach here. It has an Academy, a church, etc., with sleighing from November until June, and sometimes longer! There is a very fine view of the Bethel Mountains to the left, rising up over a valley sprinkled with neat farms and farm-houses.

WEST BETHEL is four miles farther. The Blue Hills are visible here on the left, and a long range of unnamed mountains tower high and blue to the right, and the river with its valley is between them. A little beyond the station Pleasant River empties into the Androscoggin.

GILEAD is a station consisting of a platform, a house, and a shed. Wild River flows into the Androscoggin a little distance from the station. A large triangular mountain is seen on the left, sloping gently down to the river. In the valley, through which the road runs, is a small tract of cultivated land. The boundary line between Maine and New-Hampshire is about two miles from Wild River. It is formed by a board fence enclosing the south side of an orchard, which is on the left hand of the track.

SHELBURNE, N. H., is the last station before reaching Gorham. The village consists of a few red houses in the centre of the little arable land there is here. A church, the last and only one in the region, stands desolate and ruinous on a hill side. The forests, dark and sombre, close up all views, except where some

high hill-top bursts up into the sky. From the cars Mount Moriah is visible, rising loftily above the summits that surround it. Mt. Jefferson can also be seen farther in the distance with indistinct outlines of others of the White Mountains. A little trout brook runs along the roadside.

GORHAM STATION HOUSE — and the present terminus of the road — is five miles from Shelburne, ninety-one from Portland and two hundred and five from Boston. Before reaching it the track crosses Peabody River — runs along the valley of the Androscoggin and Peabody Rivers — and gives a good view of many small hill tops.

The hotel itself is the chief object of interest here and one which is likely to attract the more immediate attention of the traveller. It is in full view on the right hand side and very unlikely to be mistaken or overlooked. This House is a three story edifice, erected by the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad Company, the last year. It stands in the valley of the Androscoggin and Peabody Rivers — in a clearing of between two and three hundred acres. The scenery on all sides is closed up by mountains. Those in front are unnamed: the long ridge in its rear is known as Mt. Hayes. The building is one hundred feet front and fifty feet wide, with an ell of equal height one hundred feet long. Piazzas embrace three sides of it. It has a dining room eighty-five feet long by thirty feet broad — drawing rooms, parlors, reading and smoking room, bathing rooms, etc. — in all one hundred and

sixty-five rooms and is capable of accommodating two hundred and fifty guests. The sleeping rooms are carpeted and furnished, provided with stoves and ventilators. It is a most thoroughly built edifice and admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was built and is used. Indeed as much will be supposed when it is known that it was built under the eye of Mr. CORSER, the gentlemanly and efficient superintendent of the railroad.

The House is under the management of Mr. J. R. HITCHCOCK, formerly of Boston, who has spared no pains to carry out the plan of the projectors and make it, in all respects, the best house among the Mountains. The high praises of those who have tarried with him heretofore give ample testimony to his merits — a testimony which can only be increased by their successors.

The White Mountains are not visible from the Hotel, although it is but ten miles distant from the summit of Mt. Washington. In order to see them a ride becomes necessary to the

BELLOWS' FARM: and a most interesting ride it is too. The distance is six miles — over a good and hard road in the valley of the Peabody River. Carriages leave the Gorham House daily for this place, and private carriages, which are more preferable, can be obtained. Immediately after crossing the river from the Hotel, the road plunges into the shadow of hill-tops that block out all objects beyond them. Only at intervals, for the first two miles, can any sight be obtained

of the loftier peaks that are in advance. But the drive is magnificent even here. Old trees skirt the roadside and hang over it — partially concealing, partially revealing, the beautiful waters of the river that runs side by side with the road. About half way between the Hotel and Bellows' Farm is a deserted house in the midst of a clearing — where, in past time, a man, more bold than wise, tried to support himself, and failed. There is also a venerable saw-mill near by: but the dam has been swept away and the saw hangs idly in its frame. Aside from these, and an occasional rabbit that may hop across the road, or partridge flying from intrusion, there are no signs of life, present or past, on the road we travel.

The *Bellows' Farm House* is, as yet, incompleted. The portion, however, which is finished can accommodate twenty-five or thirty guests. It is three stories in height — has two sitting rooms, a spacious dining room, bathing rooms, etc. It stands on a plain of about one hundred acres in the valley of Peabody River. The Mountains are directly in front, nothing intervening to obscure, in any degree, their giant forms On the extreme left is Mount Washington and viewed from here, the now celebrated peaks rise up continuously, one after another, towards the right, in the same order in which the Presidents, after which they are named, were elected. On both wings of these loftier summits are the tops of innumerable lesser elevations, so confused and crowded together as to render their description here impossible. Back of the House is a

long, irregular rise, called "Carter Mountain." There is not, probably, any spot, on either the eastern or western side, where a finer view is obtained of the great peaks than from here: and it must, from this circumstance alone, soon become a very important spot for mountain travel.

Those who are desirous of ascending the Mountains, having driven to the Bellows' Farm, will there find a very choice selection of ponies and saddle-horses ready for the expedition — and experienced guides to accompany them. It is but four miles and a half to the summit of Mt. Washington — the pathway being entirely on that Mountain.

For the distance of a quarter of a mile the path is along the valley of the river: it then changes into a gentle ascent up the base of the hill: then leads through a forest of various trees and mounts continuously by a zig-zag bridle way, until the region of trees is lost or they become dwarfed into mere bushes. Beyond this there is nothing visible but the rocky soil, over which the horses carefully pick their way, and numberless hill-tops on every side. At last the steep ascent is won and the gratified adventurer finds himself gazing from the top of Mt. Washington. For a more particular description of the expedition and of the scenery from the summit we refer to the description of "The White Mountains."

BERLIN FALLS, another object of interest and curiosity upon the eastern side. They occur in the Andros-

coggin river, about six miles beyond the Gorham House. Trains leave the hotel daily for the spot — affording a most expeditious and comfortable means of reaching them. The return trip should not be undertaken before they are visited. At *this* spot the entire current of the stream is, for the distance of about one hundred and fifty feet, compressed to half its size by lofty walls of granite. Through *this* channel, with an inclination of thirty degrees, the water rushes furiously until, meeting obstructions, it leaps precipitously fifty feet downwards: then, for an instant, whitening with foam, it prepares to pursue its headlong course, to the valley beneath. A bridge, about forty feet in length, has been thrown across the most interesting spot in the Falls and affords an admirable position for beholding.

The trout fishing in this vicinity is most excellent. Peabody River is unequalled for the numbers, size and quality that live in its clear water. It is a most accessible stream, moreover, and one without any serious obstructions to prevent an expedition to its very sources. There is no stream upon the west side of the Mountains, if we except the Saco, that can be at all compared with it. The descent of the waters is such as to create, every few rods, one of those large and beautiful pools so dear to the sight of the true sportsman. Besides this there are several other brooks and rivulets in the vicinity, which will well repay the trouble of a visit. Even the Androscoggin is not without sport, though less profitable and more laborious than Peabody River, or the lesser waters. There is some-

thing, too, in the forests, to exercise the skill of the hunter. Rabbits and partridges are very plentiful — squirrels are not so numerous, but can be found. Deer, foxes, and occasionally an eagle, are to be met with. Bears are known to live in the mountains and are sometimes shot.

Stages leave the hotel, daily, for Fabyan's, Gibb's and Franconia Notch. The distance is twenty-seven miles and leads over the most beautiful routes and through the most magnificent scenery any where to be met. The valleys of two or three small streams are followed to Jefferson, there the road turns to the left and crosses directly over Cherry Mountain — more usually Pondicherry — affording such a view of the surrounding country as is to be no where else obtained, unless upon the summits of the peaks: and even there the view is more stern and rugged than here. From thence to Fabyan's is but a short distance.

Instead, however, of visiting Fabyan's, the traveller may proceed from Jefferson directly to Lancaster and from there down the Connecticut to whatever destination he pleases.

The grandeur of the scenery over Cherry Mountain will so well repay the fatigue of crossing that it must necessarily attract much attention. The road passes at the base of Mts. Adams and Jefferson, and for several miles, in the town of Jefferson gives a view of all the prominent peaks of the White Mountains, the Franconia Mountains, and a portion of the Green Mountains range in Vermont.

[For information as to the scenery upon the other side we refer to the description of the "WHITE MOUNTAINS" in a future page. For information as to the routes and connections, see "PASSUMPSIC ROAD."]

Via Sebago Lake.

There is another route, than the one we have just described, leading from Portland to the White Mountains. It passes through a more westerly portion of Maine, and reaches the Mountains by the way of Conway. This route is almost exclusively by stage and steamboat. Every season it is much travelled and pronounced, by all who pass over it, fully equal, in point of scenery and natural attractions, to any of the others.

The cars of the York & Cumberland Railway are taken at Portland in the morning. They are exchanged for the stage at a little station twelve miles from the city. About fifteen miles of riding, through a pleasant scenery and over a good road, conveys to Sebago Lake. This Lake is a most beautiful sheet of water — unexcelled even in a State abounding in Lakes to such a degree as Maine.

A very little but very neat and convenient steamboat, called the "*Fawn*," has been put upon the lake and makes daily trips from the landing, where we now are, down the whole length of Sebago, through the intricate channel of Crooked River, and thence to her wharf at the farther terminus of Brandy Pond. The scenery through which she runs is most splendid. Hill-tops

no where lofty, rise up blue and beautiful in the horizon, clothed at their base with a splendid growth of timber. Little brooks leap down their sides towards the smooth expanse that waits to receive them. Ever and anon the shifting of a point in the steamer's progress opens a new and unexpected view, down to some far off shore or inlet of the lake. Another change and islands promontories, bays, — the miniature of ocean scenery, — are swept into sight. Thus the twenty-six miles which lie across the lake, are speedily accomplished, and the little boat begins to pick her way through the intricacies of Crooked River.

The nomenclature of this stream is most appropriate. Its entire distance is one grand series of crooks, twists and involutions. The traveller may observe, as he passes along, an old pine standing upon its banks. By careful observation it will be noticed that, in the distance of a few miles, *that* old pine is seen three several times before and behind the boat! In some places the turns of the river are so abrupt as to render a complete stoppage of the engines necessary, and ropes are made fast to the banks in order to follow, with sufficient accuracy, the windings of the stream; for almost its entire distance the shores are so near to the decks of the boat that a hop of any respectable extent would land one safely.

Leaving Crooked River the boat dances suddenly out upon the smooth surface of Brandy Pond, a long and narrow sheet of water, having its outlet into Sebago Lake by the river we have just left. It is a very

beautiful body of water and has some very good scenery. At Bridgton the steamer is exchanged for the stage, and the route turns westward towards the delightful valley of the Saco. Following that for a short distance we reach Conway, the stopping-place for the night. We cannot speak too highly of the *Conway House* at this place — its sleeping apartments, its table, every thing that is connected with it. On the morrow stages leave Conway for the White Mountains — twenty-four to thirty-six miles distant. North Conway and Bartlett are the only towns on the way. For further information reference is made to future pages. Stages leave also on the same hours for Centre Harbor and Lake Winnipiseogee — thus affording the traveller choice, of either continuing his trip to the Mountains or of returning from Conway by another and equally beautiful route, the Cocheco Road.

Via Cocheco Road.

Another pleasant route northward from Boston — conducting to the White Mountains by way of Winnipiseogee Lake — is that which leads through Dover and Alton, by railway, thence the length of Winnipiseogee by steamboat, and from Centre Harbor or Meredith Village onward either by stage or rail. The advantages of the earlier portion of this road are a beautiful, neat and well settled district, every where exhibiting evidences of wealth and long settlement. The whole length and entire beauty of the Lake are seen in the next move, and beyond are the same sights,

obtainable either by the Concord and Montreal railway, or the stages through Conway or Plymouth and Franconia. The distance from Boston by this route is about one hundred and seventy miles.

The cars of the Boston and Maine Railway — which intersects with the Cocheco Road at Dover — leave their depôt in Haymarket Square, daily. The more important places on the road, before reaching Dover are Andover, Haverhill and Lawrence, Mass. — and Exeter, New-Market and Durham, N. H. All these are manufacturing towns, and of a very respectable country population. The distance from Boston to Dover is sixty-six miles.

The same point may also be reached at the traveller's convenience, by the Eastern Railway; which, coasting along the sea-shore and obtaining the full benefit of the breeze from the ocean, at Portsmouth, intersects with the Concord and Portsmouth Road. The cars of the latter railway are taken here and retained until reaching New-Market distant twelve miles. The Boston and Maine Road conveys from New-Market to Dover.

DOVER is a pleasant manufacturing village, upon the Cocheco river, about twelve miles from the ocean. There are falls in the river at this place, where the water which passes over them has a sudden descent of thirty-seven feet. In the south part of the town there is a very beautiful view, or rather series of views, to be obtained from an elevated neck of land about

half a mile broad that runs down as a dividing line, between the Pascataqua and Black rivers for nearly two miles. From the summit, on which is a road, the land gently slopes on either hand, to the streams — affording a very extensive and beautiful prospect of bays, adjacent shores and distant mountains. The first settlement of the town, was made upon this very neck of land, two hundred and thirty-one years ago, by a party from England, who styled themselves "The Company of Laconia." The Indian name of the spot was *Winichahanat*. The first meeting-house, was, also, erected on this neck of land and surrounded with entrenchments and flankarts; the remains of which are still visible.

THE AMERICAN HOUSE, by *William B. Smith*, affords a very neat, quiet and agreeable resting place for the traveller. It is situated so as to command a view of the greater part of the town and is also in sight of the railroad depôt. Dover is a most pleasant village to remain in for any length of time, during the sultry summer months, and the American House is well calculated to accommodate and satisfy those remaining.

Trains leave Dover for Lake Winnipiseogee, daily, over the Cocheco Road, on the arrival of the trains from Boston. This recently opened railway has its termini at Alton and Dover. The first station is at

GONIC, eight miles from Dover. This is a small manufacturing village situated on falls in the Cocheco river, which were by the Indians called *Squamanagon-*

nick. Leaving the latter station the road runs along the valley of the Cocheco river,—a stream which rises up among the mountain ridges of New-Durham, and for its entire length is crowded with factories. Following the valley of this stream for the greater part of its distance, it crosses to the valley of Merrymeeting river—a short and unimportant water-course, which has its origin in a pond of the same name a few miles off and empties into the Lake at Alton Bay.

ROCHESTER—of which Gonic is but a burgh—is ten miles from Dover. It is on the Cocheco river and is a place of considerable business. The traveller may obtain a view of it about half a mile off to the left from where the cars stop.

WALKER'S CROSSING, is four miles from Rochester and four from

FARMINGTON. There is one natural curiosity in this place well worthy of being seen. It is a vast *rocking stone*, supposed to weigh from *sixty* to *eighty* tons, and so exactly poised that a child's hand may cause it to vibrate several inches, though the strength of a hundred men would fail to move it farther. It is a worthy rival to the celebrated rocking boulder at Stonehenge.

ALTON CENTRE is distant twenty-eight miles from Dover and one mile from the Lake. It is a small and quiet village removed some eighty rods from the

station house. There is a high swell of land, called Mount Prospect, not far from the village from whose summit the Lake, the Ocean and the White Mountains are visible. It has also many very fine little trout brooks.

The COCHECO HOUSE, by *J. S. Thompson*, is a far better edifice than could be reasonably expected in so small a town. It has a good number of neat, airy and commodious rooms; its table is abundant; its location pleasant; and, during the summer months, it affords a most desirable retreat from the heat and dust of the city. Good horses and carriages are always at hand, so that a ride down to the boat or along the shores of the Lake is easily accomplished.

ALTON — the last station of the Cocheco road, is on Merrymeeting Bay — a portion of Lake Winnipiseogee. It is twenty-nine miles from Dover and ninety-five from Boston. There is no village at this spot — the only erections being a hotel, a depôt and a wharf. They are all three within a few rods of one another. The peculiar name of the Bay here — as well as the similar peculiarity in the river which flows into it, and the pond that is connected with both — is historical. The town was originally owned by Masonian proprietors and was not settled until 1770. Some years previous to that time, however, a committee of the proprietors visited it, for the purpose of exploration, and at the pond so enjoyed themselves as to christen it by its present name — Merry-meeting.

On the opposite side of the Bay from that on which is the steamer's wharf, and directly over against the wharf, there may be observed a sand bank of respectable dimensions. It was formerly much larger but was dug into or partially removed about 1832 for the purpose of erecting a wharf for the steamer "Belknap"—a prodigy of inland marine architecture, that floated around the Lake for pleasure travel twenty years ago, and was wrecked. Many curiosities were exhumed in this sand bank at that time. Among other things, several skeletons of Indians, two or three old swords, some kettles, stone chisels, flint arrow heads, etc., were brought to the light of day. Capt. Sanborn, who now commands the "*Dover*," then commanded the "*Belknap*," and secured for himself many of these things. There have since then been a variety of Indian relics excavated from the same vicinity.

There is a large boulder, some ways towards the interior of the town, which has been riven from top to bottom, and from this circumstance is called SPLIT ROCK. It is honored with a name and individual notoriety from an occurrence of which it is said to have been the theatre, many years ago.

In the early history of the town there was a family settled in the neighborhood of this rock, famous, far and near, for the beauty and attractiveness of one of its female members. She was but a girl—just budding into womanhood; and yet, such was her face and form—so winning her manners, so gentle her disposition, that the young men, not of the township only, but of all

the country thereabout thronged her father's house in quest of her heart. She was the toast of that day and that vicinity.

Upon one youth her beauty made more than a transitory impression. It is chronicled that for long days he wandered alone, with his fancy among the hills of Alton; and it is, at least, not impossible that some of the carvings upon old beeches around, may have been the handiwork of this love-lorn Corydon. His passion was deep but it was not requited. Another was successful in the competition and left his rival,

——"No earthly hope
Except in laudanum or a rope."

The fortunate suitor was married and settled down. The unfortunate one departed and was forgotten.

Not a long time elapsed before the happiness of the Benedict was perfected in the birth of a son — who had his father's looks and his mother's virtues. The child grew apace until his boyhood was entered upon, when suddenly he disappeared and the traces of him could not be found. His little cap was lying near this stone, and he was last seen playing around it. Search was instituted for him but without success and it was finally supposed that either the Indians or the wild beasts had borne him away.

Many years after — and when, except to those immediately interested — all memory of this incident was lost — a man lay slowly dying, among strangers, in a strange and far off State. He dictated a letter to be sent, after his death, to this little town on the shores of

Winnipiscogee, and it was directed to the mother who had thus lost her child. In that letter he confessed himself her former lover and her son's murderer. Unable to live out of her presence—unwilling to be seen seeking it, he returned, clandestinely, long after her marriage and wandered around this rock in the hopes of beholding her. Unfortunately he met with her son. The features of his rival were too strong in the child's face and he killed him, then deposited the body in the cleft of this rock and departed.

Search was made, in accordance with the statements of the letter, and a child's skeleton was exhumed from the rock.

The HOTEL at Alton, by *S. T. Dutton*, is a new and well built edifice, commanding a fine view down the Lake and affording a sight of the Sandwich Mountains in the far distance. It is well proportioned and suitably divided into sleeping rooms, drawing rooms, parlors, etc. The furniture is new throughout; the table is always well set, and it is the intention of the proprietor to make it a popular and pleasant stopping place, either for the night or the season. A good livery stable is attached to it, and pleasure boats can be had by application.

The steamer "DOVER" was built at Alton, in the summer of 1851, under the superintendence of her gentlemanly commander, *Capt. W. A. Sanborn.* She was intended and calculated expressly for her present business, and is a model to look upon. Her length of deck is one hundred and fifty-eight feet; breadth of

beam twenty-three and one half feet; tonnage two hundred and seventy-eight. Her engine is of one hundred horse power, and capable of forcing her with ease fifteen miles per hour. She is fitted up in a very beautiful and appropriate manner — her cabin being fully equal to a parlor. The deck is so arranged as to give an unobstructed promenade for nearly the whole length of the boat. These, combined with the natural attractions through which she passes, must ensure to her a wide popularity.

The steamer leaves Alton twice a day, on the arrival of the trains from Dover. She will run direct from there to Wolfborough, ten miles distant, thence to Centre Harbor. *Returning*, she will run from Centre Harbor to Wolfborough, thence to Alton, thence back to Meredith Village, where she will remain over night.

On the extreme right of Merrymeeting Bay — about four miles from Alton — is a neck of land called "Fort Point." There is a bit of antiquity here that may be worth noticing.

During the Indian wars, or more properly during the French and Indian war, a company of militia was raised in the section then called Oyster River — including the present towns of Portsmouth, Haverhill, etc.— to march to Pequawkett — now Conway — and, by ambuscading the grand war path of the Indians, prevent their assaulting the citizens in the settled sections. The war-path of the Winnipiscogee tribes lay on the eastern shore of the Lake and along the valley of the Cocheco; therefore, in proceeding to Pequawkett, the

company passed by this spot. The distance they had travelled from their homes — somewhat greater then than now — the natural advantages of the spot for a fortress, and the need of some place of strength for a retreat in disaster as well as sickness, induced them to select and fortify this spot. Their rough defences were subsequently enlarged and improved and the place was among the first to be occupied in times of trouble with the Indians. Lovewell, famous for his fight with Saugus, the Indian sagamore, retreated here with the remnants of his little band, after that hard day's fight. Indeed, Lovewell's Pond, the theatre of his bloody struggle, is only about ten miles from this point, in an easterly direction. The traveller may observe, at a distance, as he passes the point, a large and venerable looking pine tree, standing alone in its majesty. Upon that tree, which then stood outside of the fort, the colonists were wont to raise their flag-staff whenever they made their bloody raids into the territory of the foe: and the staples, worn and corroded with rust, by which they made the flag-staff fast to the tree, remain in it to this day.

Passing down Merrymeeting Bay, a fine view is obtained of the Gunstock mountains, rising nearly two thousand four hundred feet, and clothed with vegetation to their very summits. Leaving them a splendid prospect opens to the right in the direction of Wolfborough, and another almost equally grand in the direction of the Lake. The bristling heights of Rattle Snake Island, which rises like a sentry, to sentinel the

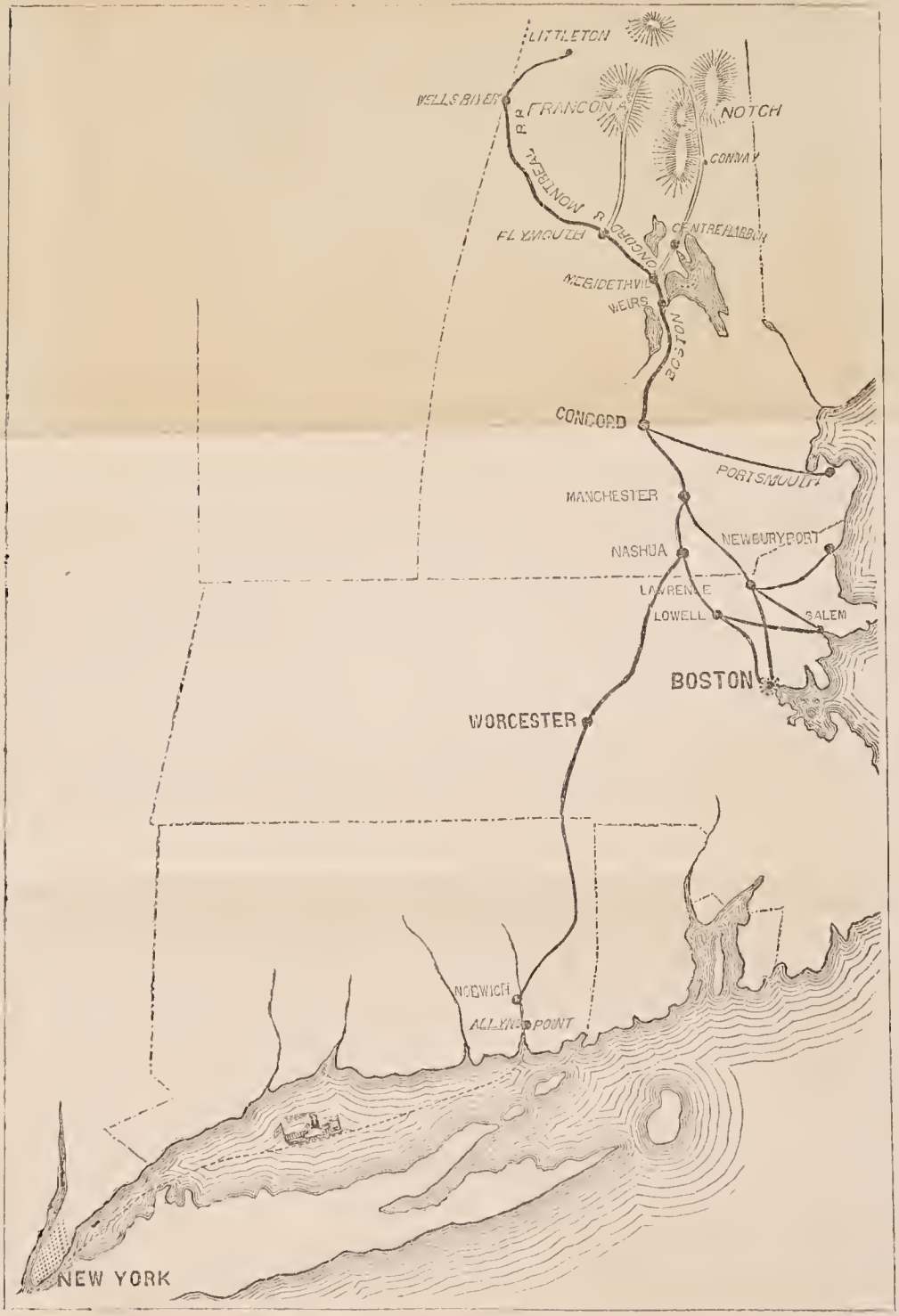
beauty beyond — rough, ragged and precipitous, obstructs a clear vision of the Lake, from this point. As the boat runs in to her wharf at Wolfboro' — and when she has for some time left it, the tops of Cropple Crown, Great Moose, and Tumbling-down-Dick mountains, are seen lying off, at irregular distances, to the right.

The notice on another page of that very fine hotel, the PAVILION, which is in Wolfboro', renders it unnecessary for us to do more now than remark that there is no better house, any where along the entire route from the city to the Mountains.

Leaving Wolfboro', various fine views and magnificent landscapes are visible to the traveller, some of which are described in another place, and all of which will be pointed out with pleasure by Capt. Sanborn. The steamer arrives in season for passengers to proceed by the next train of the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railway to Plymouth, seventeen miles from the Weirs, twenty-four miles from the Flume House, and fifty from the Crawford House. Or they may reach Centre Harbor and remain over night; or they may the same night continue on to Conway, thirty miles from the Lake, and thirty-two miles from the White Mountain Notch.

White Mountains through Concord, N. H.

During the Summer and Fall seasons *through* trains leave the Lowell, and Boston and Maine Railroad Depôts, in Boston, daily, for the White Mountains, at 7:30, A. M., and 12, M. Passing the beautiful scenery around Boston, the trains over the former road meet the banks of the Merrimack river at Lowell, and thence coasting along its side, through many pleasant and thriving little villages, reach Nashua, a large and flourishing manufacturing town. Here is the junction of the Nashua and Worcester Railroad, (the great Railroad and Steamboat route betwen New-York and New-Hampshire,) with the Concord Railroad. Leaving Nashua, the route lies directly on the banks of the Merrimack the entire distance to Concord, thirty-five miles north, the intermediate distance being the location of beautiful farms, thriving villages and picturesque scenery. Half way between Nashua and Concord is the city of Manchester, the terminus of the Manchester and Lawrence Railroad. Here the cars of the Boston and Maine Road which, taking a more easterly direction, cross the Merrimack at Lawrence, and thence turning to the northward, pass through the oldest settled portion of the State, meet the trains over the Boston and Lowell Road. At this place the two trains are united and proceed in one to Concord, where they are divided and made up anew for the routes diverging from that point. Messrs. CLOUGH and WRIGHT, the gentlemanly conductors of the great


LITTLETON
WELLS RIVER
FRANCONIA
NOTCH
CONWAY
MONTREAL R R
PEMIGEWASSET R
FLYMOUTH
CENTRE HARBOR
MEREDITH
WEIRS
BOSTON R R
CONCORD
PORTSMOUTH
MANCHESTER
NEWBURYPORT
NASHUA
LAWRENCE
LOWELL
SALEM
BOSTON
WORCESTER
NORWICH
ALLYN'S POINT
NEW YORK

mail trains over the Concord road, will afford the traveller any information he may desire concerning the connections of the Northern road and the necessary change of cars.

Here the traveller has choice of two routes to the Mountains — the Northern and the Concord and Montreal. The former is emphatically a river road. It follows the windings of the Merrimack to Franklin, thence runs up the valley of the Blackwater to Grafton, and at Enfield reaches the Mascomy; to which it remains constant until the Connecticut is met at White River. From White River the Road is in the valley of the Connecticut to Wells River. The few remaining miles are along the Ammonoosuc. The distance by this road to Franconia Notch is one hundred and thirty-one miles and is accomplished by eight o'clock.

The Boston, Concord and Montreal leaves the Merrimack at Concord, but at Sanbornton reaches a Lake, which is one of its sources, and then for a distance of nearly twenty-five miles runs through some of the finest lake scenery in the world. It follows the valley of the Pemigewasset from Holderness to Warren — its present terminus. Passengers by this road may reach the Mountains by either the White Mountain or Franconia Notch.

CONCORD may afford interest sufficient to detain the traveller for a short time, while he examines the large and well conducted Prison of solid granite; or the State-House of similar material, chaste in its de-

sign and perfect in its finish; or the Asylum for the Insane, with beautiful grounds and a commanding site. Around the town are very pleasant drives skirting its ponds or the shores of the river. Not far from the village is erected a monument to the memory of some early martyrs to the "bloody salvages" who infested the region. Elsewhere is pointed out the location of an old fort; and buildings, still tenanted, bear the marks of both ball and bullet.

There are two fine and commodious Hotels in Concord: — the Phenix, by PIERCE and DUMAS, and the American House by JOHN GASS. These are not anywhere excelled for the accommodations they afford the traveller or the conveniences they place around him.

The amount of railroad building, work, furniture, etc., here visible, is probably superior to any, in places of even twice its size, throughout the country. It is the depôt of six or eight distinct railways, and at the hours of ten and three, when the great trains, northward and southward, are made up, a scene of apparently irremediable confusion is presented to the spectator, not unfrequently adorned with quite novel and amusing incidents.

The last train from Boston remains here over night, and thus is afforded the tourist his last opportunity for obtaining any articles he may be in need of during his journey. If he has proceeded thus far without the requisites for fishing or hunting — sports localized among the mountains and lakes — it were well that he should here remedy the error, where everything needed

or imagined in these recreations can be obtained in its best form.

Via Montreal Railroad.

THE MONTREAL RAILROAD passes through scenery perhaps unequalled by any other. The traveller for pleasure, the idler, the valitudinarian, might almost imagine it constructed for his benefit; and doubtless, through many years, its summer travel will go on increasing, as the beauty of country around becomes more generally known. Crossing the valuable intervale land, on the shore of the Merrimack, in sight of both the Northern and Claremont trains, which depart at the same time, and crossing, too, the Merrimack itself, the first stoppage occurs at

EAST CONCORD, a distance of about two miles. Near this spot, a few years past, many thousand dollars were expended in endeavoring to construct locks by which to render navigable the river obstructed by Sewall's Falls. The work progressed nearly to completion, and much splendid and massive stone work, — now dug away for railroad purposes, — was erected in the vicinity. In connection with this project it was in contemplation to dam the river at Sewall's Falls and create a new Manchester or Lawrence; for which purpose the river supplies ample motive power.

CANTERBURY is some ten miles from Concord. There is one station of no note at North Concord, be-

tween Canterbury and East Concord. The principal attraction that Canterbury contains is found in the settlement of Shakers there. This industrious and thriving community number about two hundred members. They occupy about fifteen hundred acres of land, and possess, without doubt, the most productive gardens in the country. They have mill and various machinery moved by the waters of an artificial stream. Their herbs, seeds, brooms, and similar commodities are pretty generally known. The town itself is an old and long settled one, somewhat noted for the severity of Indian warfare it suffered in its infancy.

NORTHFIELD is three miles from Canterbury and thirteen from Concord. Nothing remarkable or worthy of note will detain the traveller here.

SANBORNTON BRIDGE lies five miles farther on. On entering the village we cross the Winnipiseogee river. The next station is

UNION BRIDGE, four miles from Sanbornton Bridge and twenty-two from Concord. For some distance after leaving Union Bridge we coast along the even shores of Sanbornton Bay — a beautiful sheet of water, seven miles square. Here is the last stopping place before reaching

MEREDITH BRIDGE, five miles farther. There is probably no town in the country more pleasantly or

advantageously situated, possessing more attractions, or affording a more beautiful scenery than this. The waters of the Lake wash the boundaries of a great part of the town, and the traveller, passing along the road, is presented with an exceedingly beautiful landscape near the upper or north-western part of it. There on the east and south-east is spread out before him Winnipiscogee — the essence and spirit of inanimate beauty, —"The smile of the Great Spirit," — studded with islands, and islets, of all sizes, of all shapes, and all appearances. To the northeast, Ossipee Mountain rises boldly in view. On the north, Red Hill intercepts the prospect. On every side there is presented something new and attractive, rising seemingly by magic and demanding a closer scrutiny, a more prolonged inspection and stay than can be awarded them. Mt. Belknap, situated in the immediate vicinity of this village, is accessible by horse and carriage, nearly to its summit; from whence a most beautiful view is obtained of the surrounding country — by some considered even superior to that of Red Hill. There is also a mineral spring in Gilford somewhat celebrated for its efficacy in cutaneous and other diseases, the waters of which have been analyzed and highly commended by Dr. Jackson of Boston. Here are also two first class hotels, affording the traveller every comfort and convenience during his stay. "Willard's Hotel," kept by Mr. A. G. Thompson, has been recently fitted up and re-furnished. Its table is always well spread, its rooms neat and airy, its beds fresh and clean.

its landlord obliging and courteous. A stable is attached to the house, provided with good and trusty horses, and comfortable carriages. There are, also, boats upon the lake, which can be obtained on application at the bar.

The "Cerro Gordo House," — by Mr. C. O. Osgood, is equally deserving of the public patronage. It possesses all the advantages and all the conveniences of the other, and is in every respect commendable. The best of trout are to be found on the table, the best of horses in the stable, and the landlord will spare no pains to render any length of stay agreeable.

LAKE VILLAGE — a burgh of Meredith — lies two miles only from the town. It is a pleasant spot and possessed of some manufacturing advantages.

WEIRS is about four miles from Lake Village. It is at this spot that passengers for the Steamboat — for Centre Harbor, and the Mountains, by Conway; for Wolfboro' and Alton, leave the cars. Passengers for the steamer "Dover," who wish a night's rest before proceeding may continue to Meredith Village if they choose. The distance from Concord to the Weirs is thirty-three miles; — from the Weirs to Centre Harbor is ten miles — to Plymouth nineteen miles — to Wolfboro', fifteen miles, and to Alton twenty-five miles.

[For a farther description of the Lake, and for information with regard to the Steamboats, Hotels, etc., we refer to subsequent pages.]

View of the Weirs' Steamboat Landing.

MEREDITH VILLAGE, four miles from the Weirs and thirteen miles from Plymouth, is a place of some size and note. A beautiful view of Lake Winnipiseogee is obtained just before entering it. There is, also, a short distance from the town, and bordering the railroad track, a scarcely inferior prospect of the silver waters of Lake Woewocowona. It has an outlet into the larger Lake. Meredith Village may be seen from the cars. The Steamer Dover remains here over night.

HOLDERNESS is the next station, five miles from Plymouth. It has many beautiful ponds and lakes, along some of which the road winds its way. The village visible from the cars, is something of a business place, containing paper mills, factory, etc.

BRIDGEWATER is three miles from Plymouth. It contains a beautiful sheet of water, known as Newfound Pond, in the western part. It is a farming town well adapted to grazing, but without particular interest.

PLYMOUTH is a pleasant village of from twelve to fifteen hundred inhabitants. It is one hundred and twenty-five miles from Boston, and fifty-two from Concord, by railway.

In Plymouth there is a beautiful scenery from Prospect Mount. It is but a short distance from the hotel, and is easily accessible to its very summit. Winnipiseogee and Squam Lakes are visible in the south. The green banks and pleasant waters of the Pemigewasset and Baker's rivers lie to the north and westward.

Baker's river takes its name from one Capt. Baker, who led a company of men thus far from Haverhill, Mass., and in a contest with the Indians totally defeated them. They had formerly a settlement at the mouth of this stream, where graves and bones have been found, with gun barrels, stone mortars, pestles, etc.

The Pemigewasset House is not far from the depot.

The railroad continues for a distance of twenty miles to Warren, but only leads farther from the Mountains the farther it proceeds from Plymouth. This is the true point to disembark from the cars and enter the now almost exploded style of travel by stages.

It is twenty-four miles from Plymouth to the Flume House in Franconia Notch; twenty-eight from the Lafayette House, and fifty miles from the Crawford House, among the White Mountains.

CAMPTON, is a very small agricultural village, ten miles from Plymouth. In a pleasant day the ride is most enlivening and agreeable. Baker's river is crossed about half a mile from Plymouth, and from thence — occasionally catching a view of the Pemigewasset river — there is a gentle rise the whole way. The town obtained its name from a *camp* located in the vicinity, by some early surveyors.

THORNTON is a rough and hilly town with a few good farms in the valley of the Pemigewasset. Like Campton it is devoid of any striking peculiarities, or any fine scenery which would be likely to interest or detain the traveller.

WOODSTOCK, twenty-one miles north from Plymouth and sixty-two from Concord, is without special attraction. The general characteristic of the road here is roughness, while the horizon is so hemmed in by mountains, whose shadows fall over the way, as to preclude a view of much beside tree tops.

THE FLUME HOUSE, by Mr. RICHARD TAFT, is three miles from Woodstock, and will doubtless be the immediate resting place of the traveller.

Via Centre Harbor and Conway.

At the Weirs, steamboat landing and at Meredith Village — the landing place of another steamboat — the traveller has choice of two routes to the mountains: the one *via* Plymouth to Franconia Notch, the other by Centre Harbor and Conway to the White Mountain Notch. Having described the former we now turn to the route adopted by those who take the boat at the Weirs.

The distance from Boston to the Weirs, is one hundred and six miles; from thence to Conway, forty miles; and from Conway to the Notch of the White Mountains is thirty miles farther, making an aggregate of one hundred and seventy-six miles from Boston, or one hundred and three miles from Concord. Pursuing this route we pass through Moultonboro', Sandwich, Tamworth, Ossipee, and Eaton, to Conway.

The distance from the Weirs to Centre Harbor is estimated at about ten miles by water. The trip occu-

pies about forty-five minutes. The scenery through which it passes is full of interest and beauty. The varying loveliness of the Lake, the singular diversity of islands, the changing forms of landscape from the hills beyond, all these things are calculated to strike the mind.

The steamer which runs between Weirs and Centre Harbor is the "Lady of the Lake"—a beautiful craft, built under the supervision of her present gentlemanly Captain—WILLIAM WALKER, Jr. She has run on her present route for the last three summers and given universal satisfaction.

At the head of the river, near the Weirs, is situated the old "Endicott Rock," with its quaint carving and singular interest. It was discovered by accident a few years since, while endeavors were being made to erect a dam for the purpose of removing the steamer Belknap to winter quarters at Lake Village.

It is supposed to commemorate a fact which may be abridged into the following: In 1652, during the administration of Gov. Endicott, the General Court of Massachusetts, desirous of ascertaining more exactly the bounds of their colony, appointed Captains Edward Johnson and Simon Willard commissioners for the purpose of making a survey

The expedition which they headed reached this spot, where their Indian guides assured them the Merrimack had its head waters. The EI and SW are the initials of the early surveyors; the WP is considered an abbreviation of "worshipful," a by no means uncommon title for rulers and magistrates in those times. The remainder may signify that the expedition was during the administration of Worshipful Gov. John Endicott. Peace be with him!

CENTRE HARBOR, situated on the northern shore of the Lake, is celebrated for its fine location and beautiful scenery. There are few buildings in this part of the town: but their absence is amply compensated to the traveller by the soft splendor and almost ideal loveliness of the landscape which lies around in every direction.

The SENTER HOUSE, by *Maj. Curtis Coe*, has long been known to the travelling community for the convenience of its arrangements, the perfection of its table, and the courtesy of its proprietor. Excursions can be made from thence in every direction — either along the Lake shores directly in front of the house, or to Squam Lake, a few miles distant, or to the summit of Red Hill, between the two.

The best view of the Lake and circumjacent scenery is doubtless from Red Hill, which, from its great height, places before the eye of the observer an extensive, varied, and picturesque tract of country, perhaps nowhere

excelled in New-England. Maj. Coe has always in readiness carriages for conveyance to the foot of the Mountain, and well-trained ponies for the ascent. It is by no means difficult or dangerous to climb, and when once its summit is attained the adventurer will find himself amply rewarded for all his labor and fatigue. The top — an eminence of twenty-five hundred feet — is destitute of trees or bushes, and affords an unimpeded view in every direction. In clear days the snowy tops of the White Mountains are dimly discernible in the far distance. The Ossipee Mountains appear in the east; in the northeast is Chocorua peak, and far away the Mountains of Maine show their heads. The Sandwich Mountains tower up in the north. In the southwest, Kearsarge and Monadnock are visible, with Gunstock, or Mt. Belknap, at their feet.

At the very foot of the hill, opposite to the direction by which we ascended, lies Squam Lake. This is by no means an inferior sheet of water. It is about six miles long, and in its widest part three miles in width. Its waters flow in a contrary direction from those of the Winnipiseogee, although both ultimately sweep down the current of the Merrimack.

Winnipiseogee is, however, the beauty and attraction of the spot — a "thing of loveliness forever." It has a look and semblance of harmony — a form and appearance of something more and more grand than it is. Its borders, now in full view, now dimly retiring from the eye, were formed by those flowing lines — those masterly sweeps of nature — from which art has deriv-

ed all its apprehension of ease and grace; alternated however, by the intrusion of points, by turns rough and bold, or marked with the highest elegance of figure. In the centre a noble channel spreads twenty-two miles before the eye, uninterrupted even by a bush or a rock. On both sides of this avenue a train of islands arranged themselves, as if to adorn it with the finish which could be given only by their glowing verdure and graceful forms.

Stages leave Centre Harbor daily for Conway and the Mountains. Conway is thirty miles distant, and the Mountains are sixty-two.

MOULTONBOROUGH, five miles from Centre Harbor, has the honor of containing Red Hill. Ossipee Mountain moreover extends into it, and on that part of the mountain which is within the limits of this town are two springs of some note; the one a mineral chalybeate spring, sovereign for cutaneous diseases; the other, simply a spring of good cold water, — sovereign for thirstiness, sixteen feet in diameter, and through the centre of which the water, containing a quantity of fine white sand, is thrown up two feet. From this source flows a beautiful stream which, about a mile below, has a perpendicular descent of about seventy feet. On its left side is a cave containing relics of Indian life.

Very many singular discoveries have been made in this town — of old dirks, gun barrels, skeletons, and tumuli, corroborating the popular belief that here was

formerly a favorite resort of the New-England or New-Hampshire tribes. A skeleton was exhumed in this town, some thirty years ago, of almost fabulous proportions. It was buried in a sandy soil, on the shore of the lake, near the mouth of a small river. It was, apparently, the skeleton of a man some seven feet high — the jaw bones passing easily over the face of a large man. The Ossipee tribe of Indians resided here formerly; and not long since there was standing a tree rudely sculptured with hieroglyphics of their history, adventures and expeditions.

SANDWICH, a small rocky town, of little interest, is merely touched by the traveller in one corner. White Face Mountain in this town is two thousand nine hundred and seventy-one feet high, and it is visible from the road. It is very abrupt and precipitous. Thirty years ago a land slide occurred on the south side, of a size rarely known. It rendered fertile soil perfectly worthless, and covered rocky land with the finest alluvion. Its course can be distinctly traced.

TAMWORTH is nineteen miles from Centre Harbor. Thence coasting along the shores of Ossipee Pond, a beautiful sheet of water lying in the town of Eaton, after a drive of fourteen miles Conway is reached.

Along that portion of the road extending through Eaton a very fine view is obtainable of Mt. Chocorua,

one of the most notable of the lower peaks of the White Mountain range. It is three thousand three hundred and fifty-eight feet high and without vegetation — other than such as a few blueberries or cranberries create. It is, in fact, a granite mountain, with pinnacles and precipices, sharp, angular peaks and unexpected descents: — a countless myriad of great boulders, hurled together by more than Titanic force, and with as sublime an irregularity as the poems of a school girl.

It is said to have derived its name from an Indian Chief who lost his life on one of its summits.

Chocorua was a great sagamore of the *Pequawketts*. He had led his warriors far down beyond the silver waters which are "The smile of the Great Spirit," to where, in summers past, they had speared the salmon of the *Quocheco*. But the hatchet was now buried, and the Indian and the pale-face lives peacefully.

Wenāne was the son of Chocorua. But his little hand had shed only the blood of the pigeon and the gray squirrel. He passed by the house of the pale-face hungry and without food. The pale-face fed him — and he sickened. He struggled with death on the skins of his father's tent, in the sight of his father's eye — and died. Then he was buried with his bow and blunted arrows in his little hand, under the shade of the oldest oak, just when the sun came up over the hill-tops, and his horse was killed over his grave, that a chief's son should not walk, like a dog of a Narragansett, in the happy hunting field.

But Chocorua painted himself; and the colors were red—running down into the ground. He took his hatchet while the sun lingered brilliantly in the west, waiting the little steps of Wenāne, that they might enter the spirit land together—that great bright sun and the son of a chief—and went to the home of the pale-face.

In the morning there were only ashes where at night a house had stood—and the bones of the white-man's wife blackened and burned with the bones of his children, among them. The heart of the pale-face grew sick within him when he found, returning, only smoke and desolation in the place of light and happiness. And he said to his friends, "It is Chocorua who has done me this evil." Therefore they followed the steps of the chief, made heavy by deep sorrow, and found him on the bare top of this mountain—gazing into the happy land beyond the farthest west, to which his son had preceded him.

Down before him, for hundreds of feet, it was nothing but air; through which the eagle and the hawk wheeled their way; then it was only the rough, jagged points of the merciless rock.

"Jump!" said the white man.

"The Great Spirit gave life to Chocorua, and he will not throw it away, Let the pale-face shoot."

The chief turned slowly round, so as to face his enemies, while uttering these words—of a truer philosophy than Cato's—and fell pierced by their bullets.

Ever after the Mountain was called Chocorua. So is the legend.

CONWAY. This small, but mountainous town, is possessed of several objects of interest to the traveller; among which are its brooks, well stocked with trout, a fact that might detain us, in our leisure, for the "gentle sport,"—as Izaak Walton quaintly hath it—no little time. Here may be found good accommodations at the CONWAY HOUSE, by *Horace Fabyan*, (also of the Mount Washington House.) a new and elegant edifice, both in its exterior and interior arrangements.

Stages leave here daily for the White Mountains, Sebago Lake and Centre Harbor.

The distance from Conway to the Mount Crawford House is twenty-four miles, and the road thither, though hilly and broken, affords some charming landscapes. We cannot better advise travellers through this section, when forming a sufficient party, than to take a coach for themselves, and thus pass along at their leisure.

NORTH CONWAY, five miles farther on, lies in the valley of the Saco river, and is surrounded on all sides by mountains. Kearsage, visible so far southward, rises twenty-seven hundred feet a few miles to the north. A hotel has been erected on its summit.

BARTLETT, ten miles from North Conway, is situated at the very foot of the mountains. The scenery,

growing gradually more broken, rough and majestic, in this northern region, here assumes its boldest and most marked features. Around, in every direction, there is visible one vast expanse of forest, broken only by the towering mountain peaks that shoot forth from it.

Eight miles progress from Bartlett, over a road tolerably comfortable and through a scenery sufficiently rough, will conduct the traveller to the

MOUNT CRAWFORD HOUSE, by *Mr. N. T. P. Davis.* There is not, probably, among the Mountains, any spot affording a better opportunity for hunting, fishing, geologizing, botanizing, seeing the Mountains, or finding quiet and rest, than this. It is well kept, neat and comfortable. The Notch is four miles from here and the Crawford House four more.

Via Northern Railroad.

A different, and in some respects superior, route to the Mountains, is offered the traveller by the railway which connects Concord with White River. It passes through an altogether different country, with different scenery and different attractions. It takes an old and long used highway through towns and villages settled a full century past. The vallies of the Merrimack and the Connecticut are traversed by it, affording a sight of the best farms and finest lands in New-England. We cannot avoid thinking that every tourist will agree with us in commending the conveniences, the accomodations, and the views, to be obtained on this line.

For almost its entire distance, this road and the Passumpsic, with which it connects, run along the banks or through the vallies of some of the most beautiful rivers and streams in New-England — affording views and landscapes inferior to none upon any other route of travel. The Merrimack, the Blackwater, the Mascomy, the Connecticut, and the Ammonoosuc are all of them visible from the cars in their progress — besides lakes and ponds that are unequalled in their beauty. The slight additional distance is amply compensated by the additional speed of locomotion, which, without bordering upon rashness, is greater — from the superior build of the road — than most if not any of its rivals can boast. We are fully assured that no one travelling by this route will ever regret it. The courtesy of the conductors, the promptitude with which any unexpected obstacles are overcome, the care for lost baggage, and the general desire to contribute to the comfort and gratification of those passing over the road, evinced by every one in its employ, cannot fail to impress favorably.

The road, for some nineteen miles of its beginning, sweeps along the valley of the Merrimack, through a beautiful section of land, abounding in well cultivated farms, with neat and substantial farm-houses, but encountering few villages. The first of these is the

WEST PARISH — of Concord, a little burgh sustained by one or two small factories. It is three miles beyond Concord and four from

FISHERVILLE — also a parish of Concord. This is a spot of some considerable business, owing to the water privileges of the Contoocook river. At this place the river is crossed and also Dustin's Island — celebrated for the escape of a Mrs. Dustin from the Indians. The Merrimack river was twice turned from its channel here, at a great expense, to facilitate the construction of the road. The traveller may observe its former bed as he passes onward to

BOSCAWEN, three miles from Fisherville. To this spot and for some distance farther, the road is in the valley of the Merrimack river, affording a beautiful scenery to the traveller.

NORTH BOSCAWEN,— merely a local station,— is four miles farther. It is three miles from there to

WEBSTER'S — a small station near the summer residence of the Hon. Daniel Webster. The passenger will observe the fine intervale land belonging to Mr. Webster — surrounded by neatly white-washed fences — and, probably, pasturing, in some parts, a large drove of superior cattle — before reaching his residence on the side towards the river. The residence is a large, old fashioned house, surrounded by a beautiful green sward, with oaks and maples shading it in front. There are a few other houses near by. It is two miles thence to

FRANKLIN, a pleasant village and an important

station. The road between Franklin and Grafton is exceedingly circuitous — almost forming a half circle; so constructed in order to avoid the Ragged mountains between Andover and Hill. There is a branch of the road extending from here, a distance of thirteen miles, to Bristol, a thriving little village with superior advantages for manufacturing, as yet unemployed. The next station is

EAST ANDOVER, six miles from Franklin. It is for local passengers merely and without interest.

ANDOVER is ten miles from Franklin. It is quite a pretty little village, but without particular attractions.

POTTER PLACE is two miles from Andover. This station accommodates many from the villages and towns in its rear. Kiersarge Mountain is visible from here — the loftiest elevation in this part of the State. Many beautiful brooks, well stocked with trout, have their origin in the springs that ooze out from its base. The mountain rises two thousand four hundred and sixty-one feet above the level of the sea. Its summit is a bare mass of granite — its surface is very irregular and its base is surrounded with trees, beautiful as those on Mt. Ida.

WEST ANDOVER is one mile farther; from whence it is six miles to

DANBURY. The train stops here for ten minutes; affording the traveller sufficient time to obtain the only refreshment he is allowed between Concord and his destination.

GRAFTON is five miles from Danbury. The village is visible on high ground to the right. Cardigan mountain, two thousand feet high, is seen lifting its head toward the stars beyond. Between this place and Canaan — distant eight miles from Grafton — are several natural curiosities worthy the traveller's attention.

CANAAN is fifty-two miles from Concord. It contains a beautiful pond, but is otherwise without particular attractions.

WEST CANAAN is four miles from Canaan. From thence it is three miles to

ENFIELD, noted chiefly for its settlement of Shakers. Mascomy Pond is reached here; a beautiful sheet of water, seven miles long, interspersed with islands and checkered with inlets, by the green and grassy shores of which the railway, for no little distance runs. At its lower end is a bridge of boats, leading to the Shaker settlement, which is on the opposite side. These are a people peculiar in their manners, their dress, their economy and their religion. They are chiefly agriculturalists, and occupy some of the most fertile land in the country. It is a singular fact that no Shaker has ever been arrested for any fault or misdemeanor.

Between this place and White River, ten miles distant, there are no less than twenty-one bridges — chiefly over the Mascomy — through which the train passes.

EAST LEBANON is two miles from Enfield, and four from

LEBANON CENTRE, a place of some note, containing a hotel, a bank, several mills and churches.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, is on the Vermont side of the Connecticut. It is the terminus of the Northern railway and the commencement of the Passumpsic. The Vermont Central, also, passes through here, connecting Burlington and Windsor. At the latter place it receives the Connecticut Valley passengers from New-York, and the Fitchburg from Boston, and conveys them to White River; whence they reach the Mountains by way of the Passumpsic road.

Fitchburg Road.

A most pleasant, agreeable and expeditious route for the traveller from Boston to the White Mountains, is found over the Fitchburg, Cheshire, Sullivan and Passumpsic roads; passing through the most beautiful and most highly cultivated portions of Massachusetts, coasting along the banks of the Connecticut river, and reach-

ing Littleton at nearly the same time as upon other roads.

Trains leave the Fitchburg Depôt in Boston, at 6:50, 7:30, and 11, A. M. Passing a number of small stoppages they reach the pleasant village of

WALTHAM, ten miles from the city. There are few towns more beautiful than this, few towns possessing greater natural advantages, still fewer where those advantages have been so skilfully and successfully turned to account. The first cotton mill erected in New-England had its foundation laid here, upon the banks of the Charles river. From Prospect Hill, — four hundred and seventy feet above the level of the sea, — a good view is obtained of Boston, its harbor, the adjacent towns and country.

CONCORD is one of the oldest towns of the State, and must be familiar to the memory of every one, from its connection with the history of American Independence. It is twenty miles from Boston.

GROTON JUNCTION, by nature intended only for a marsh or jungle, has been raised by civilization and the progress of railways, to a position of some note. Six distinct lines converge at this point: the Fitchburg, the Stony Brook, the Nashua, the Worcester, the Peterboro' and Shirley, and the Boston. Some care is requisite here, occasionally, on the part of the traveller, to preserve his baggage, his seat, his destination and his temper.

FITCHBURG is fifty miles from Boston. It is an enterprising manufacturing village and a place of much influence. The Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad connects with the Cheshire a little distance from this place.

KEENE is forty-two miles from Fitchburg. The Cheshire railroad, connecting the two places, passes through a very beautiful scenery and is in itself, from its long and deep cuts through the solid granite, a thing of no little interest. The Ashuelot railroad, connects Keene with the Vermont Valley road and is twenty miles in length.

BELLOWS FALLS, is twenty-two miles from Keene and one hundred and fourteen from Boston.

Passumpsic and Connecticut Rivers Railroad.

The Passumpsic and Connecticut Rivers Railroad, at present connects White River and St. Johnsbury. It is destined, ultimately to extend into Canada. The road is in the valley of the Connecticut until it reaches Barnet; from thence it is over and along the Passumpsic.

There is a great amount of fine scenery visible between White River and St. Johnsbury — a greater amount, without doubt, than is ever imagined by those who have never visited it. And the scenery, too, is

totally different in its character from what would be imagined, or from what would be seen in any other spot. There is a diversity and contrast in the views so sudden as to astonish the spectator, and so singular as to enchant. Hill and valley, precipice and plain — sharp angular declivities, without a vestige of verdure, and smooth smiling meadow lands covered with the greenest sward and the heaviest crops,— a great surface of river, on the one hand, unruffled and seemingly motionless, a little mountain stream, on the other, dashed into foam by the speed of its descent — all these totally different and dissimilar prospects are so intermingled with one another, before the eye of the traveller, as to be a constant source of surprise and satisfaction.

But divested of these more distant views there is still something startling in the sudden changes presented to the eye over the very track itself. At one instant the cars are sweeping smoothly along the most beautiful of meadows — the next they are, apparently, penned within the solid rock, that rises fifty feet upon either hand; they dash out upon a great embankment, that is invisible, and seemingly fly across the chasm which is beneath — they tremble along the lofty grade which falls precipitously into the deep waters of the river — they plunge into the darkness and resonance of a bridge — emerge to sunlight by the side of some beautiful pond, and slowly draw to a halt in the bustle and activity of a New-England village.

Leaving White River Junction — where some few moments are generally afforded for refreshments — the

road crosses White River, one of the most important streams in the eastern part of Vermont. Some very fine scenery is visible to the right hand, and some very rough rocks to the left, before reaching

NORWICH and HANOVER. Neither of the villages for which this station was intended, are in sight from it. They both lie back from the river about a half mile, on table land elevated some two hundred feet. The same may be said of most of the towns along the route. Norwich is the seat of a small "University." Hanover is the location of Dartmouth College, and, as a village, is very beautiful.

OMPOMPANOOSUC, is nine miles from White River. It receives its name from the Indian title of a small stream running near at hand, and signifies—*abounding in onions.* One of the richest copperas mines in the world lies but a short distance from here.

THETFORD and LYME station is four miles and a half from Ompompanoosuc. In Thetford there is an academy and in Lyme a grist-mill. Beyond these are known no objects of interest.

NORTH THETFORD is three miles from Thetford. It is an unimportant station, consisting chiefly of sheds and barns.

Between this station and the next there is a very good view of several mountains on the New-Hampshire

side. Mt. Cuba is the highest of these peaks and is said to contain a scanty population of bears — which, from its barren appearance. may well be credited. A conical peak, to the right of Mt. Cuba, is termed Sunday Mountain. It looms up blue and melancholy in the distance, its summit destitute of vegetation, and its sides scarred with avalanches. Black Mt. and Mt. Sago lie beyond.

FAIRLEE and ORFORD is twenty-two miles from White River. The latter town is on the opposite side of the river and looks very prettily on the southern approach to it. Leaving here the *Moosehillock* mountain, four thousand six hundred and thirty-six feet high,

"Upheaves its huge bare back emergent,"

and for nearly twenty miles remains the grandest object of attraction.

PIERMONT is a little village passed before reaching

BRADFORD, which is twenty-eight miles from White River. The towns along here are pleasant little country places, concerning which there is nothing to be said not equally applicable to any other inland villages. They are all located near the river, are all flourishing agricultural towns, and are all quiet, orderly, common-place spots — undistinguished either for scenery or business.

HAVERHILL, is probably the largest town on the road. It stands on a bluff upon the right hand side. One mile beyond is

NEWBURY, chiefly noted, in its vicinity, for SULPHUR SPRINGS, said to be an infallible specific for more diseases than we can spare room to chronicle. There is more intervale land—more of the *Golden Meadow* of Goethe and the Germans—in this single town than in any ten others throughout the State. Just north of the village is a vast meadow—along that portion of the river known as the *Great Ox-Bow.* It is very fertile and very beautiful, and was formerly, a favorite resort of the Indians. Passing through a tremendous cut in the solid rock

WELLS RIVER is reached. Although a small village it is the depôt of a considerable trade and the intended junction of three railroads—the Passumpsic, the Boston, Concord and Montreal, and the White Mountain. The latter will extend, when finished, to Littleton. It will probably be opened a portion of the distance this fall—but too late for summer travel. The Montreal Railroad, it is expected, will be completed about the same time.

There are two hotels in Wells River. They are both very well kept—very neat, orderly, and comfortable.

The WELLS RIVER HOUSE, by *M. C. Chaplain*, has been recently repaired and re-furnished, so that it

is inferior now to none in northern New-England. One attraction Mr. Chaplain can certainly promise his visitors — a sight of the finest stable of full-blooded Morgan horses any where in the country. They are all young and all sound — without a blemish, and have never been defaced by any jockey improvements. Some of them are fast — they are all beautiful as the statue of Bucephalus. A livery stable and bowling saloon is connected with the house.

Stages leave here, daily, for the Mountains and Notch.

The COOSUCK HOUSE, by *H. B. Stevens*, is of about the same dimensions as the Wells River House, and is kept in a most satisfactory manner. Its present landlord has been for some time connected with the White Mountain travel and his past popularity augurs well for his future success. There is a livery stable and bathing establishment attached to the house.

Wells River is one of the most beautiful places in the country for a summer resort, and at either of these houses the traveller will meet with accommodations and attention, undoubtedly, beyond his deserts.

Any information desired can be obtained here of Mr. John McCormick, agent for the railroad and stages, who will furnish extra coaches at any hour.

A line of stages are run, daily, by Willis, Dutton & Co., on the arrival of the first train from the south from Wells River to Franconia Notch. The distance to the Flume House is twenty-three miles; it is four miles less to the Lafayette House. From Franconia

Notch to Fabyan's is twenty-six miles farther, making a total of forty-nine miles, against thirty-eight by the way of Littleton. There is this consideration, however, that Franconia *must* be seen, whereas Littleton may or may not be — containing no natural curiosities deserving notice. The road to Franconia is good and the drivers are careful and experienced men.

A line of stages is run from Wells River, at the same hour, for Littleton — distant twenty miles, and the White Mountains, thirty-eight miles — by Russell, Brackett & Co. This is an old and long used highway, over which carriages roll easily. It lies in the valley of the Ammonoosuc and within sight of the railroad track so far as Lisbon. The beautiful and quiet little village of

BATH is only five miles from Wells River. The Ammonoosuc runs through it, and gentle swells, covered with forest trees, rise up in the distance. The BATH HOTEL, by *Edwin Carleton*, is one of the finest country houses to be met with. It is such a house as good old Isaac Walton loved—where all the beds smell of lavender and the sunlight enters the doors and windows at morn. For a family or a party, who wish to spend a week near the mountains, without being annoyed by the crowds who rush there; who desire to catch a few trout or shoot a few birds, to enjoy some pleasant drives and see some fine scenery, this is the very place.

LITTLETON is a small village on the Ammonoosuc, with a scythe and some other factories. It is the intended depôt of the White Mountain Railroad. There are two Hotels here.

The "UNION HOUSE," by *Mr. W. Cobleigh*, is one of the best kept houses in New-Hampshire. Its table is on the most generous order, with all the delicacies of the climate in their season, from the earliest strawberry and trout to the latest and nicest venison. It has been entirely refitted since last season;—new rooms have been added and the old ones made almost new. Its proprietor is gentlemanly and courteous, attentive to the wants and comforts of his guests, and resolved to maintain his old reputation for keeping the "best house in the country."

The WHITE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, by *H. L. Thayer*, is a few steps beyond the Union House. It is a new house and furnished throughout. The proprietor will endeavor to satisfy the public.

Stages leave Littleton daily for the Mountains, via Bethlehem. It is eighteen miles to Fabyan's. The road is hard, hilly and rough, but from the outside of the coach some very fine scenery is visible.

Stages leave also for Franconia Notch, seventeen miles, Plymouth, forty-one miles distant.

RYEGATE is eight and a half miles beyond Wells River. It was originally a Scotch settlement, but has latterly become civilized and improved.

McINDOE'S FALLS is a small station, four miles from Ryegate and three from Barnet.

BARNET.—This village is on land elevated above the level of the station; its chief building seems to be a deserted mill of some character, around which is clustered a collection of houses.

About a mile from Barnet we reach the confluence of the Passumpsic and Connecticut Rivers. There is a little Archipelago here, consisting of some twenty islands, on one of which Rogers recruited his rangers, after a predatory excursion into Canada, during which jaunt, he destroyed a village of the St. Francis Indians —Indians, village and all.

Here the road leaves the Connecticut and follows the course of the lesser stream as far as St. Johnsbury.

McLERAN'S FALLS is two miles from Barnet and four from Passumpsic.

PASSUMPSIC is another small way station. Its name is of Indian derivation and signifies *rich in medicine.*

ST. JOHNSBURY, the terminus of the road, is sixty miles from Wells River, two hundred and three miles from Boston, and three hundred and twenty-two from New-York. It is thirty-nine miles from the Crawford House and twenty from Willoughby Lake.

The village of St. Johnsbury is of no great size or importance; neither can it be called beautiful. Never-

theless, there is considerable business in the town and some spots that are very pretty. Its chief attraction is the

St. Johnsbury House, the most important and ornamental house in the place, situated in the centre of the village and commanding a fine view to the north. This House was built by a Company, less than two years ago, and every part most thoroughly finished.

Mr. Chapin is the present popular landlord. He is a gentleman admirably adapted to the charge of a public house, and will contribute every attention in his power that the stay of the traveller shall be pleasant. The table he sets is unexceptionable — affording something beyond a foretaste of the delicacies of the region. Whether it be for a longer or a shorter period, the traveller will find his stay at the St. Johnsbury House pleasant and agreeable.

Willoughby Lake is eighteen or twenty miles from St. Johnsbury, and there is no portion of the northern region better worthy a visit, nor any part that so well repays the trouble of reaching it. Stages will leave St. Johnsbury, daily, for the Lake. Private carriages can also be obtained by application at the office of the Hotel.

Willoughby Lake.

Is a beautiful sheet of water between six and seven miles in length, and varying from half a mile to two miles in width. It is of a cresent shape, with little inlets and promontories along its shores. It is within a gap or chasm of the Green Mountain range, and

forms a great reservoir for the brook in the immediate vicinity. The waters of the Lake discharge, through a small stream, into the St. Francis and thence into the St. Lawrence. The brooks and rivulets, however, which are crossed a few rods before reaching the Hotel, flow into the Passumpsic and down the Connecticut.

The loveliness of the Lake is greatly enhanced by the rough and precipitous scenery around it — forming as striking a contrast as the poet saw between "January and May." The Lake is all beauty and repose, suggestive of quiet thought and undisturbed enjoyment. The mountains that rise abruptly from its shores, are rough and angular. The summer sun lingers on the soft bosom of the one. The thunder clouds hang from the craggy pinnacles of the other.

At some remote day — the geologists may say how remote — the two peaks, that now tower on either side of the Lake, was undoubtedly a single summit; separated by some of the volcanic throes whose traces are so visible throughout this region. Mt. Ananance, the peak upon the eastern shore, is one thousand nine hundred and fifty feet high. It receives its name from a chief of the St. Francis tribe, which, long ago, lived and flourished here. Some modern genius, with as small a taste for euphony as he had for decency, christened it Mt. Pisgah, from which evil endeavor, it is pleasant to know, the mountain has recovered. The unnamed summit confronting Mt. Ananance, on the opposite side of the Lake, is fifteen hundred feet high. Here, a short distance from the water, there is a sparse growth of pine, fir, spruce, cedar and hemlock, rapidly dwindling into dwarf birch and shrubs. The soil they cover is thin and rocky, very evidently a *detritus* from the mountains. This vegetation is on an angle, from the side or the mountain, of, at least, forty-five degrees, and extends about six hundred feet up. It is terminated by the solid rock which rises, from above the tree tops, a thousand feet perpendicularly. A forest

of undersized pine and hemlock bristles around the tops, cleared away, however, for a little space on the highest elevation, so as to afford a view of the surrounding country.

From this observatory, easily attained on horseback and nearly reached with a carriage, there is a most magnificent landscape visible; such an one as all the panoramas ever painted could convey no idea of. Mountain peaks tower up in the far distance, great lakes lie at their feet, beautiful ponds sleep in the valleys all around, rivers and brooks flow away into the horizon. Lake Memphremagog and Owls Head mountain, twenty miles distant; Lake Champlain and its shipping, fifty miles; every prominent part of the White Mountains, the entire range of the Green Mountains, Massaweepee Lake,—the beautiful pond in Westmoreland, Burke and Newark, are all fairly visible from the summit of Mount Ananance. It is no wonder the worthy Mr. Willoughby would not willingly sell his title to such a spot.

Near the "Devil's Den,"—a doubtful looking hole in the rock, about midway down the Lake shore—it is said no soundings can be obtained, although fabulous quantities of line have been expended in the attempt. Above this spot, some six hundred feet on the hill side, and just at the base of a precipitous rock, there is, what has been named, the Flower Garden—a spot where all varieties of wild plants grow and blossom. And still higher than the Flower Garden, in the rock itself, where the foot of man never trod and probably never will, is the Eagle's Eyrie. All these spots will be seen by the tourist in sailing down the Lake, as will be seen, also, the traces of many an avalanche and land slide.

The Willoughby Lake House, by *Bemis & Hall*, is a three story edifice, located about one hundred rods from the Lake and commanding a fine view of it. There is a large piazza extending around the house and a promenade deck along the roof. From the latter

there is some very splendid scenery visible. The House is admirably arranged within, and adapted to the wants and necessities of summer travel. The sleeping apartments are spacious and well ventilated — many of them opening on to the piazza. The parlors are ample and well furnished. It is intended that the table shall equal any in this region of New England. The best of trout from the brook, and the *muscalunge*, a species of trout found in its perfection in the lake—together with game, in its season, will grace the board.

Lake Memphremagog

Is another beautiful sheet of water, much larger and somewhat farther north than Willoughby. It is on the line between Canada and Vermont. The distance thither from Willoughby is eighteen miles — the first seven of which may be accomplished, if desirable, by boat. From thence a stage will run to the Lake.

Memphremagog is thirty-five miles long and from one to six wide. Its general course is north and south Black river, Barton river and the Clye flow into it from Vermont. It receives the waters of several small streams in Lower Canada and empties, through Magog river, into the St. Francis. It contains some islands of considerable size and great loveliness. Here are several towns and villages of respectable population along its shores.

Owl's Head Mountain, 2743 feet high, rises up on the western side, and affords, from its summit, a view more extended and magnificent than almost any other in this portion of New-England. Lake Champlain, Manawapee Lake, and Lake Willoughby, the White Mountains and the Green Mountains, the rivers St. Lawrence and St. Francis can be clearly seen from thence. In a fair day the city of Montreal is also visible. Aside from these more remote views, there is a most enchanting prospect at its very base, along the entire length of Lake Memphremagog.

A little steamboat called the "*Mountain Maid*" runs from Newport in Vermont to the "Outlet Village" in Canada, touching at Georgeville. There are several good Hotels in these various places. The "Mountain House" near Owl's Head, is perhaps as comfortable as any and as well kept.

Lake Winnipiseogee.

Lake Winnipisseogee lies in the two counties of Carroll and Belknap. Its form is very irregular. At the west end it is divided into three large bays; on the north is a fourth; and at the east end there are three others. Its general course is from north-west to south-east: its length is about twenty-five miles and it varies in width from one to ten miles. The lake is environed by the pleasant towns of Moultonborough, Wolfborough, Tuftonborough, Centre Harbor, Meredith, Gilford and Alton, and overlooked by others.

The waters of Winnipiseogee are remarkably pure. and its depth, in some places, is said to be unfathomable. Its sources are principally from springs in its bosom. Its outlet is the rapid river of its own name. Its height above the level of the sea, is four hundred and seventy-two feet. It is stored with a great variety of excellent fish; and its unrivalled trout are famed far and near.

Like Casco Bay and Lake George it is said to contain three hundred and sixty-five islands, some of which comprise farms of from two hundred to thirteen hundred acres. Governor's Island, Cow Island, Long Island and Rattle Snake Island are the most important and extensive of them. The three former are on the eastern side, the latter is at the southern end. Bear Island is at the western shore. A view of "Aunt Dolly's" is here given.

A distinguished characteristic of the scenery around Lake Winnipiseogee is its softness. There is nothing rough, ragged or wild to be seen. The islands, covered

View of Melvin Village, Tuftonborough.

with verdure, float on the bosom of the water. The hills, gilded with maples, beeches and birch, rise by gentle swells and a gradual elevation to their highest point. The meadows, and bounded limits of intervale, are green with the richest crops, through which small brooks, from the hill side, leisurely wind their way.

The Steamer "*Lady of the Lake*" plies upon the waters of the Lake, in connection with the trains on the Boston, Concord and Montreal Road. Her draught is so small as to allow her a secure passage in waters comparatively shallow — a fact the traveller may corroborate by looking over her sides, as she lies at the pier. She was built at Lake Village, under the supervision of her Captain, — Wm. Walker, jr.,— expressly for the business she is now engaged in. She was carefully fitted up — is of a very fair speed — and in every respect worthy the confidence and patronage of the community. She runs between the Weirs, Centre Harbor and Wolfboro'.

The Steamer "*Dover*" runs in connection with the trains of the Cocheco Road. This boat was built only the last season and is of a very superior model. She is commanded by Capt. W. A. Sanborn — and runs between Alton, Wolfboro', Centre Harbor and Meredith Village. There are two Hotels upon the Lake shore, erected expressly for the accommodation of those who may be desirous of spending a short time in the vicinity, during the summer season. The one of these is at Centre Harbor, and its attractions have already been noticed. The other is

The Pavilion — at Wolfboro'. It is a new, large and commodious house, located upon an elevated point of land and commanding an exceedingly fine view of the Lake. The arrangements for accommodating guests are such as connot fail to impress, very favorably, those stopping there. It is kept by Mr. Daniel Chamberlain, well known to the citizens of Boston and to those travelling thither, as a popular and attentive landlord

View of "Aunt Dolly's." See Page 88.

in that city. The table of the Pavilion rivals any in New-England, affording all the delicacies of the city and all the luxuries of the country.

Copple Crown Mountain.

Copple Crown Mountain, two thousand and seven hundred feet high, is six miles from the hotel. It is easily ascended, by means of a very fine bridle path recently constructed. Carriages can always be obtained at the house for conveyance to the foot of the mountain, and well trained saddle-horses for the farther ascent. There is no danger to be apprehended in the attempt, nor is there sufficient fatigue to deter any one not hopelessly timid.

The view from the summit is most magnificent. It has been pronounced by many superior to Red Hill and even preferred to Mt. Washington. There is a most extended landscape spread out before the eye. The Ocean is visible far to the south-east, with the cities of Portland and Portsmouth Ossipee Lake, Sanbornton Bay, Lovewell's Pond, Lake Sebago and many others — in all, seventeen distinct bodies of water — are discernable from here; with rivers, and brooks beyond computation. The towns of Exeter, Saco, Dover, Centre Harbor, Meredith, etc., lie around, in various directions, as parts of the panorama. The whole range of mountains, from Unconoonne in Goffstown to the White Mountains — including Gunstock, Ossipee, Teneriffe, Chocorua and Tumble-down-Dick, Red Hill, the Blue Hills and Ratahdin Peak in Maine — members of one great fraternity, — marking so distinctly this section of New England, are seen towering to the heavens; each, it would appear in rivalry with the other. An observatory has recently been constructed on the summit which greatly enhances the view.

Mr. J. C. Caryl, who has been long resident in the vicinity, and is intimately acquainted with the objects of interest, will accompany the traveller on the ascent, and point out the various spots we have noticed.

The White Mountains.

There are seven principal peaks composing the White Mountains. The most northerly summit of the chain is situated in latitude 44 deg. 16 sec. north. They stretch along from the Notch for a distance of about eight miles. Around the base and centre they are clothed in vast forests of various trees. The highest summits are bare and barren. The chiefest of them have an altitude nearly as follows:

Mount Washington,	6,226	feet.
Mount Jefferson,	5,657	"
Mount Adams,	5,759	"
Mount Madison,	5,415	"
Mount Monroe,	5,349	"
Mount Franklin,	4,850	"
Mount Pleasant,	4,715	"

Besides these there are many other peaks, of less note; a visit to which, although well repaid, must depend very much upon the leisure, curiosity and energy of the tourist.

A description of the mountains we shall not undertake to give — nor of the sensations induced by them — nor attempt a comparison with Chimborazi, Popocatapetl, Mount Blanc or Ben Nevis. Every individual sees through a pair of especially individual and unique eyes. The very form and color of a thing differs to different beholders. Our object is merely the minutiæ and detail of travel — sufficient to render that travel agreeable and profitable. An outline sketch, however, of the principal wonders in and around the mountains we may attempt, if not a description of the mountains themselves.

Among the first novelties of the spot, and most desired by the traveler, undoubtedly, is the ascent of Mount Washington, a feat of much apparent danger and much actual fatigue.

Of the various paths conducting to the summit we shall describe but one, and briefly convey an idea of the route, its wonders and curiosities. The path, at its commencement, is through a heavy growth of mountain ash, beech, birch, fir, spruce and pine. These gradually dwindle into furze and stunted brush as the ascent continues. Mt. Clinton is the first summit attained, affording a view, inferior only to the loftiest peaks that tower above it, and whose conquest is still before the adventurer. Leaving this elevation the track descends into the forest, crossed by several ravines, which are choked up by fallen trees and timber. Mt. Pleasant, which next towers up as an apparent obstacle to farther progress, is by no means difficult of ascension. Its summit a smooth plain of some five or six acres extent, gently sloping away in every direction. The prospect from this position is superior to that from Mt. Clinton. Mt. Washington looms up in the north. In the north-west are the settlements in Jefferson.

The Ammonoosuc is mapped out in the west. Mooschillock and the Haystacks are discoverable at the southwest. Nearly south is Chocorua. In the east there appears nought save boundless forosts and an interminable horizen of gloomy mountains.

A zig-zag path leads down to the base of Mount Franklin; at the bottom lies Red Pond, sparkling like a gem set in granite ledges, whose abruptness is broken by the delicate red moss that covers and almost conceals it. Mt. Franklin is as easily ascended as any of its predecessors. The scenery of Mt. Monroe — whether it be crossed between the peaks or by the more common route — is magnificent, grand and sublime. The passage around the eastern part of the mountain leads over a narrow shelf of rock, the other falling into an unfathomable abyss.

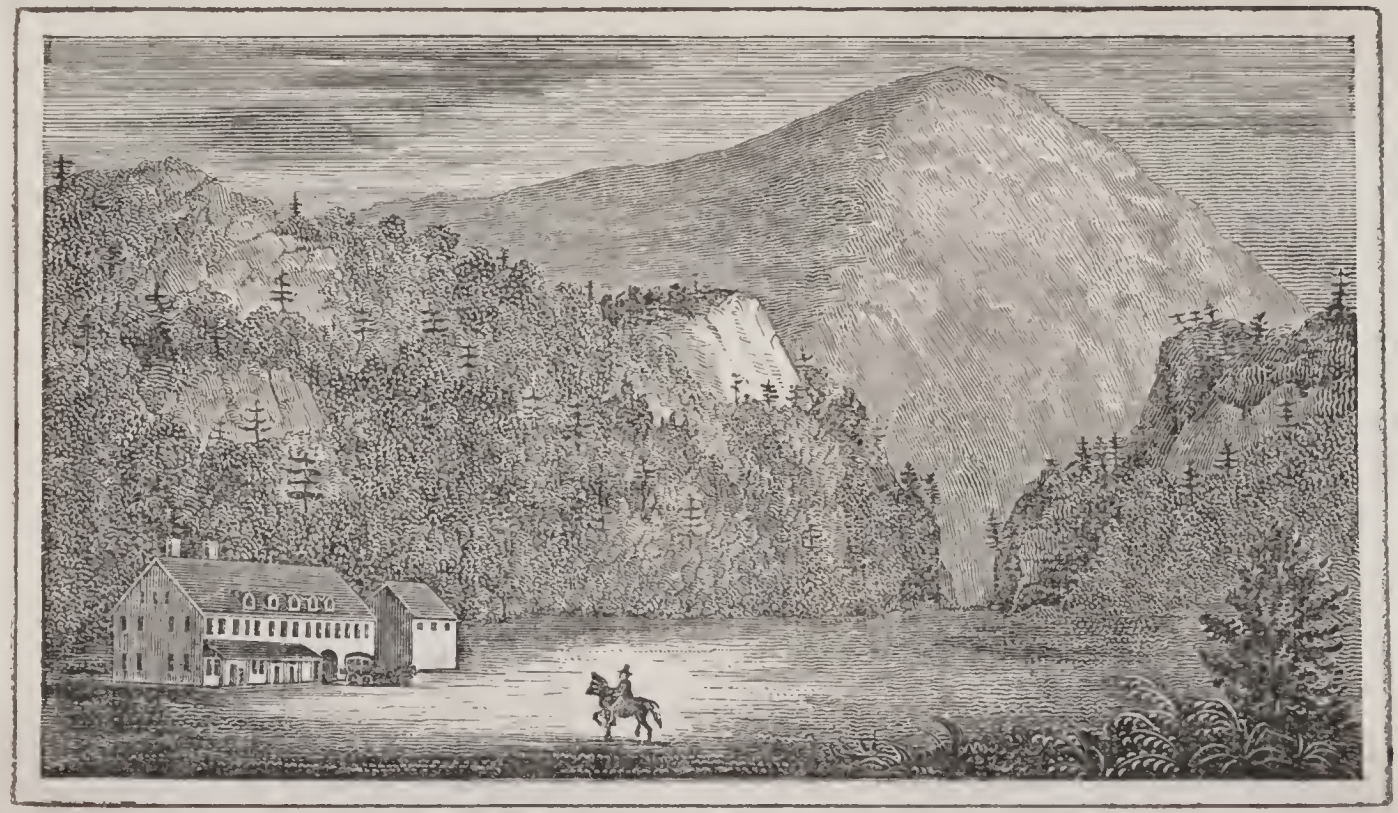
A short distance onward conducts to the foot of Mt. Washingington. The spot is a plain of some extent, containing two ponds, one covering nearly three-fourths of an acre. Around its sides there is no vegetation to mar the clearness of its waters. In its depths there is no life. It is fed by springs bubbling forth even at this alpine elevation. Its outlet is to the westward, mingling with the waters of the Ammonoosuc. The thirsty traveller may here refresh himself — with a liquid purer and sweeter than what oozes forth far down among the plains — with the waters of the "Lake of the Clouds."

Fifteen hundred feet of steep ascent remains to be conquered, before the summit of Mt. Washington is attained. The distance over which it will be necessary to pass is about one mile. The track here becomes more difficult and laborious, and for a large part of the way lies among huge masses of loose rock and stones, sometimes covered with moss, and sometimes surrounded with small patches of grass. About half the way up there is a little grass plat, where the horses are usually left, though not unfrequently they attain the highest elevation. It abounds in mountain springs, that, preserving its verdure, is truly welcome and refreshing to both man and beast — wearied and worn by the ascent. The view from the summit, however, amply compensates for all the fatigues and labor incident to its achievement.

Sunrise from this point is especially grand. The darkness and fog first observable — then the faint streams of light striving to penetrate it — the dim outlines of contiguous mountains — the increasing light — the mist growing gradually visible — then the more distant peaks, and the tree tops far below, emerging slowly from the fog and floating, as islands in the pure mist.

The Notch

Is an aperture or opening through the solid rock extending between two mighty cliffs for a distance of two miles. The entrance of the chasm is formed by two perpendicular rocks, twenty-three feet apart; the one about twenty feet in height, the other about



View of the White Mountain Notch from the Notch House.

twelve. The mountain, here cloven to its very roots, presents the only opportunity for the waters of the Saco to pursue their downward path. Along the river's side, sometimes hidden and again perceptible, the road from Littleton to Portland winds its way. The opening is however so extremely narrow that in many spots room sufficient for the road has been found with much difficulty. Our illustration gives a very good view of the Notch as it appears near the Notch House.

The Silver Cascade

Is one of the most beautiful of the many objects of interest in this interesting region. It has its origin nearly half a mile below the opening of the chasm, and is first seen issuing from a mountain on the right, about eight hundred feet above the subjacent valley, and about two miles distant. The stream apparently slides rather than flows down a descent of almost perpendicular rock, silvered with foam through its entire distance.

The name awarded them by their earlier visitants we can but consider preferable to the renomer they suffered. *Crystal Mountains* was the original appellation, and as such they were alluded to in works and records of that period.

Hotels.

It is time that we should refer to the accommodations in be found in this wilderness portion of the land. We are gratified to think that at no one of the houses located in this vicinity there will be found any fault on this score.

THE MOUNT CRAWFORD HOUSE, for many years celebrated as the residence of the venerable ABEL CRAWFORD, the pioneer of these regions, is now conducted by Mr. N. T. P. DAVIS. In the rear of the building the Saco winds its way through a channel worn from the solid granite. In many places the rocky wall rises full twenty feet, perpendicular, above the current. Again the bank is smooth and pebbly. At one spot the waters foam and boil like a witch's caldron. At another, they float lazily along with a cold, blue depth, in which the cunning trout lies hid. BEMIS' POND, named after its discoverer — one of the most devoted and genial disciples kind Izaac Walton ever had — is buried in the woods, about six miles from the House.

The ascent from this house is around the base of Mt. Crawford. The bridle path conducting upwards, is very fine, and has been carefully constructed. The proprietor has a stable full of choice ponies and horses, well calculated and adapted to either the road or the hill-side.

There are great inducements for the traveller to pause here, who has a taste for trout-fishing, the brooks in this vicinity being well stocked and easily accessible. Probably there is no spot affording better advantages for this sport than the "Crawford Farm."

We can confidently recommend the traveller to the care and courtesy of Mr. DAVIS, well assured he will want nothing that good taste, liberality, and a desire for the comfort of guests can secure.

THE WILLEY HOUSE is located six miles beyond the Mt. Crawford House. It stands upon the very spot rendered famous by the avalanche of years ago. The old building is still extant, but incorporated into the new one. The house stands on an old slide at the foot of a steep and almost precipitious rise, some two thousand feet high. The avalanche that overwhelmed the family of Mr. Willey in its ruins, and gave a mournful celebrity to the spot, occurred the 28th of August, 1826. The particulars of the catastrophe have been too often published to demand reiteration.

In front of the House rises a bluff one thousand feet high, channeled by frequent avalanches and slides. On the plain which crowns the mountain, in the rear of the house, is "Ethan's Pond," a clear little sheet, sometimes affording good sport to the angler.

THE CRAWFORD HOUSE, is a new hotel, but just opened, and is located within a few rods of the entrance to the "Notch." It occupies a position inferior to none, whether considered in relation to its scenery, or its advantages for travel. The Post Office is also located here. Mr. J. L. GIBB, (formerly of the "Lafayette House," Franconia Notch,) has recently purchased

the Crawford House, and will be found at all times prompt to contribute to the pleasure or to the accommodation of his patrons. No pains have been spared in adapting the "Crawford House" to the wants and convenience of the public. It is superior to most hotels in the country; containing over one hundred sleeping rooms, completely and splendidly furnished. There is a very fine bridle path leading over the several mountain summits to Mt. Washington, in some respects, perhaps, superior to most of the others. There are, also, fifty trusty and sure-footed ponies, and guides not to be surpassed in their vocation.

Mt. Willard is a peak two miles high, overlooking the Notch and affording a tolerable view of the Mountains. There is a carriage road to its summit—over which a stage is driven whenever guests desire to ascend it.

THE MOUNT WASHINGTON HOUSE, is kept by Mr. Horace Fabyan. It is located upon the west side of the mountain ridge, five miles from the base of Mt. Washington and eight miles from its summit. It contains about a hundred rooms, new, light, and airy, the majority erected during the last two years.

The ascent from this house to Mt. Washington we have already described. It is carefully constructed and full of interest. The return-path, from the summit to the house, is different, and the adventurer thus secures a most delightful trip, during all which he never looks upon the same object twice, from the same point.

There is, in this vicinity, an object well worthy of being visited — the "Upper Ammonoosuc Falls," situated about four miles to the east of the house. They consist of two falls about a quarter of a mile apart, and, without the grandeur or sublimity or celebrity of Niagara, they possess, in miniature, all the features that render attractive, that famous resort. The peculiar formation of the cliffs, at this spot, cannot fail of exciting

L. of C.

the attention of the visiter. There are, also, singular excavations in the solid rock here visible, of a certain form, varying in width from three inches to fifteen or twenty feet, and in depth from one to twenty-five feet. They are known by the name of "pot-holes," and occur elsewhere, less markedly, however, in the rivers of the State. There are, also, the "Lower Ammonoosuc Falls," about a quarter of a mile from the house; of less note than the Upper, but still grand, beautiful and attractive

Just is front of the Hotel is a singular tumulus or pile of earth and stone, known as the "Giant's Grave." It is three hundred feet long, seventy-five wide, and fifty feet high. Old story reports it to be the burial place of one of a race which lived in the times of the Saurians and Mastodons — men in stature equal to the loftiest pine, and of a prowess infinitely greater than Achilles or Arthur.

One of the most startling as well as pleasing phenomena to be found in this vicinage is the *echo*, or rather series of echoes, given to any loud noise. The firing of a canon or blowing a bugle calls it out most distinctly. Either of these things will be readily done by Mr. Fabyan, at the request of the visitor.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, by Col. JOHN H. WHITE, is about one-half mile beyond. It is a new and neat House, situated so near to the other and possessing so many, and so similar advantages, that we may be pardoned a needless repetition. We are assured, however, that every convenience and comfort in the house, delicacy and dainty at the table, and neatness in the arrangement and furnishing of the chambers, may be found here at the "White Mountain House." We can assure the traveller that nowhere in the country, at the most popular watering places or elsewhere, will be found a greater number of public houses. more especially adapted to the wants of travellers, or in any respect better prepared to receive and agreeably entertain them, than among the White Mountains.

Franconia Region.

FRANCONIA NOTCH. Some of the most remarkable curiosities anywhere to be found in this northern region, are in the vicinity of Franconia Notch: and a tour to the White Mountains would be very incomplete without visiting it. Mt. Lafayette or the Great Haystack Mt.; Mt. Cannon, on which is the celebrated profile; Ferrin's Pond, the track of the south branch of the Pemigewasset river; the Pool; the Basin; the Flume and the Silver Cascade, are all grouped within the distance of a few miles from the entrance to the Notch.

MOUNT LAFAYETTE, or the Great Haystack, is a lofty conical mountain of granite, situated to the southwestward of the village of Franconia. It is in height but seven hundred feet less than Mt. Washington, yet far more difficult of ascent. The view from its summit is full of interest, and has been by many pronounced not inferior to that from its lofty rival. A good foot path has recently been constructed from the Lafayette House, so that the difficulty of climbing is much lessened.

There is on Mt. Layfayette a singular stone of a large size and unusual form, located on a most inaccessible point of the mountain, and termed by its discoverers the "ALTAR," from its resemblance to the old Runic remains of a similar character. It is based upon a granite pile and seemingly intended for the purpose of sacrifice.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN is a Profile of the human face, of which every feature is delineated with wonderful exactness. situated on a peak of solid rock, one thousand feet in height, and almost perpendicular. It is part of Mt. Cannon. It was discovered but about forty years ago, when laying out the road that passes it, and is now indicated to the traveler by a guide-board directing his gaze thitherward.

The profile is produced by the irregular jutting out of five blocks of granite, which project in a manner to give the present appearance. It has the semblance of an old man looking over the valley beneath, and its likeness to the human face is so wonderful and life-like as to be regarded an object of wonder and admiration to all who see it.

Various traditionary tales are related of it, and of the superstitious homage paid to it by the aboriginal inhabitants. Relics of Indian life, and singular utensils of a former day, have been found near it.

The profile is sixty feet in length, from forehead to chin and somewhat worn by the action of the elements. A foot-path leads from the Lafayette House directly over the old man's head.

FERRIN'S POND is a beautiful collection of water, deep and blue and crystal in its appearance, covered by a small growth of trees. It lies directly beneath the Profile and is sometimes called the "Old Man's Wash-Bowl." It is one of the sources of the Pemmasawasset River.

THE BASIN is a deep excavation in granite, which has been formed by the continual action of the falling waters of the Pemmasawasset, aided by the whirling and grinding action of boulders of rock, swept into the cavity by the stream. The diameter of this rocky basin is about thirty by forty feet; its circumference about sixty feet; and its depth appears to be in such proportions as to form a deep bowl, which is always filled to the brim with the most pellucid and cold water. On one side the rocks jut over the brim of the basin, forming a beautiful grotto beneath, while the embankment, covered with green moss and wild wood flowers present a pleasant contrast to the foaming cascade which rushes down the broken surface of the rocks. Within the Basin is a ledge of rock so worn by the current as to present the form of a leg and foot of gigantic size. It is termed the "Old Man's Leg."

The "Old Man of the Mountain."

The Flume.

THE FLUME is about one mile from the main road, and nearly in front of the Flume House. A narrow path, through the woods conducts the traveller to the spot.

The Flume is a deep chasm, having mural precipices of granite on each side, while a mountain torrent rushes through the midst, falling over precipitous crags and loose masses of rock. This fissure appears to have resulted not from the abrasion of the rocks, by the action of the running water, but to have been produced originally by a fracture.

One of the most remarkable objects in the Flume is an immense rounded block of granite, [see engraving,] which hangs overhead, supported merely by small surfaces of contact against its sides. It appears to the traveller, looking at it from below, as if ready to fall upon him.

The trunk of a fallen tree crosses the top of the ravine, and affords a natural bridge to adventurous persons, who rejoice in the feat of crossing so narrow a foot-path, suspended so high in the air.

THE CASCADE is below the Flume, a short distance, and is as well worthy being visited as its more noted namesake at the White Mountains. It is a spot where, for six hundred and sixteen feet, the rock, which forms the bed of the stream, has been polished by its continual current, to a surface like glass. The descent is very gradual through the entire distance, although at some spots more sharp than at others. And here, in one unbroken, unruffled mass, the entire water of the Flume falls like a stream of quicksilver. The whole length of the Flume is eight hundred and thirty feet; that of the cascade six hundred and sixteen feet. A wilder or more striking view is not perhaps to be obtained in any other part of our land.

THE POOL is located midway between the Basin and the Flume. It is about three quaters of a mile from the Flume House, and easily accessible. It is

but a small body of water and is almost completely walled in by rocky cliffs. At the south there is a slight opening, through which it dashes in its swift egress. It is a distance of about one hundred and fifty feet from the brink of the wall to the surface below. The extent of the Pool is inconsiderable, being but about one hundred and fifty feet wide and forty feet deep; its beauty, however, is in no proportion to its size.

There are two hotels in the vicinity of Franconia Notch. The Lafayette House is just above the Notch. The Flume House is five miles below, and in close proximity to the Flume, the Pool and the Basin.

THE LAFAYETTE HOUSE is kept by *L. W. Cobleigh, Jr.* It is not so large as most of the other houses in this region, but is equal to any of them in location and objects of interest, It has been entirely refitted and some additions made. Its table is unexceptionable.

Mt. Eagle — on which is the Eagle Eyrie — is fifteen hundred feet high, and rises but a very few rods from the house.

Echo Lake is two hundred rods north of the house. It is half a mile long by a quarter in width, and stocked with the largest and nicest kind of trout. Some have been taken from it weighing four or five pounds.

THE FLUME HOUSE is five miles below the Lafayette House. Since the last season it has been entirely remoddled and refurnished. Additions have been made to it, so that it is superior to any among the Mountains, for size. It is two hundred and sixty feet in length, fronting the road; three stories high, with a double piazza,—and can accommodate two hundred people. The lower floor is divided into offices, parlors, a dining hall, etc. Parlors and parlors with bed-rooms attached occupy the second story. The third flight consists of sleeping apartments exclusively.

Mr. Richard Tafts is the Landlord of the Flume House, and will ensure the satisfaction of the traveller, so far as attention and courtesy, the best of care, of rooms and of board can accomplish.

RAILROADS AND HOTELS.

New York and the White Mountains.

Worcester & Nashua Railroad.

Trains run as follows:

Leave Worcester at 6:30, and 11:00 A. M., and 4:20, P. M.
Leave Nashua at 7:20, and 11:35, A. M., and 5:00 P. M.

The 6:30, A. M, train connects at Worcester with the Steamboat train, leaving New-York the evening previous, at 5, P. M. Passengers breakfast at Worcester, and connect with the Concord, and Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad trains at Nashua, direct for Lake Winnipiseogee and the White Mountains.

The downward trains of the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad. connect directly with Concord Railroad trains, and at Nashua with Worcester & Nashua Railroad trains, which form a direct line through from the Mountains and the Lake to New-York.

Through tickets are issued between New-York and the Mountains, by the Steamboat line via Norwich. Tickets can be procured on board the splendid steamers KNICKERBOCKER and CONNECTICUT, and return tickets for the Mountains are issued at the principal points of interest. Passengers will find this the cheapest and most expeditious route between New-York and the Mountains, via Connecticut Valley and the West, can by returning this way, avoid going over the same ground twice.

Passengers who may stop over night at Concord, leaving by the first train, may reach New York, New Haven, Hartford, Springfield and Albany, by land route, the afternoon of the same day — those by the middle and evening trains, leaving at 10:05, A. M., and 3:50, P. M. connect with the New-York Steamboat train via Norwich.

J. W. STOWELL, Sup't.

FOR THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad.

Station--Foot of India St., Portland.

Passenger trains for the White Mountains and intermediate Stations, leave

Portland for Gorham, N. H., at 7:15, A. M.
Portland for South Paris, at 7:15 A. M., and 1:30, P. M.
Gorham for Portland, at 10:45, A. M.
South Paris for Portland, at 6:15, A. M., and 1:15, P. M.
Leave Portland for the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad at 7:15, A. M., and 1:30, P. M.

☞ This is the most expeditious route to the White Mountains, for the tourist from Boston or New York, conveying him, as it does, the entire distance from those cities to the base of Mount Washington, by Railroad.

On the arrival of the 7:15, A. M., train from Portland, stages leave South Paris Station, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for Harrison, Bridgton, Waterford, Lovel, and Fryeburg.

Byrant's Pond Station, Monday, Wednesday and Friday for Rumford, Mexico and Dixfield; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for Rumford and Andover.

White Mountain Station House, Gorham, daily for Randolph, Jefferson and Lancaster, N. H., 24 miles.

The company will not be responsible for baggage to an amount exceeding $50 in value, unless notice is given and paid for at the rate of one passenger for every $500 additional value. No goods received after sunset.

☞ Frieght Trains leave Portlaud for Gorham, at 7:20, A. M.

S. T. CORSER, Sup't.

COCHECO RAILROAD.

THE Cocheco Railroad connects with the Boston and Maine Railroad at Dover, and extends to Alton Bay, the head of Lake Winnipiseogee. At Alton bay, the new and elegant

STEAMER DOVER,

Capt. Sanborn,

connects with this road, running daily to Wolfborough, Centre Harbor and Meredith.

Trains leave Dover, daily, (Sundays excepted,) at 9¾ A. M., or on the arrival of the 7 o'clock A. M., train from Boston; also, at 5¼ o'clock, P. M., or on arrival of the 2½ o'clock train from Boston.

Trains leave Alton Bay for Dover at 8, A. M., or on arrival of the Steamer Dover from Meredith and Wolfborough; also, at 3, P. M., or on arrival of Steamer Dover from Centre Harbor and Wolfborough.

Passengers by this route, taking the train of cars over the Boston & Maine Railroad, which leaves Boston at 7, A. M., can arrive at Alton Bay at 11 o'clock, Wolfborough at 12 o'clock, and Centre Harbor at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Stages leave Wolfborough daily for Conway and the White Mountains, on arrival of the first train from Boston and Dover.

WM. HALE, Pres't.

Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after Monday, June 14th, 1852, until notice, Passenger Trains will run as follows, viz:

Leave the Depôt of the Boston and Maine Railroad, Boston, at 7:45, A. M., and 12, M.

Leave the Depôt of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, Boston, at 7:30, A. M., and 12, M.

Leave Warren for Boston and intermediate stations, at 12:55, P. M.

Leave Plymouth for Boston and intermediate stations, at 7:50, A. M., and 1:40, P. M.

Leave Concord for Warren and intermediate stations, at 10:30, A. M.

Leave Concord for Plymouth and intermediate stations, at 10:30, A. M., and 3, P. M.

N. B. Both up and down trains connect at Nashua with the Norwich and Worcester Steamboat line to and from New York: — *and, also*, the first train up will connect with *Stage* and *Steamboat* lines as follows, viz:

First up train, at Sanbornton Bridge, a stage for New Hampton Seminary; at Union Bridge, a stage for Gilmanton Corner; at the Weirs' station, with Steamboat for Centre Harbor, and there connecting with stages for Conway, "Eastern Hampshire and Maine," and *also the White Mountains*; at Plymouth station, connects with stages for the Franconia Notch and White Mountains, and also to Littleton, Northern New-Hampshire, Vermont and the Canadas; at Wentworth station, with a stage for Orford, Piermont and Bradford, Vt.; at Warren station, with stages for Haverhill, Newbury, Vt., and Wells River, and there connects with stages for Bath, Lisbon, Littleton, etc.; and also will connect with the Passumpsic Railroad, by their last up train to St, Johnsbury.

Last up train, which leaves Boston at 12, M., will connect at the Weirs' station with Steamboat for Centre

Harbor and Wolfborough, and at Plymouth with stage for Campton and Thornton, and return next morning in season to connect with first down train, which leaves Plymouth at 7:50 A. M.

Travellers for the White Mountains leave Boston at 7:30, A. M., via Lowell Railroad, and 7:45, A. M., via Boston and Maine Railroad, reach Concord, N. H., at 10:25, A. M.; the Weirs, on the Lake, at 12, M.; Plymouth, at 12:30, P. M.; or by steamer to Centre Harbor at 1, P, M.; from Centre Harbor, by stage same afternoon, to Conway, and to the Mountains the same evening or next morning; or take stage at Plymouth, reach the Flume or Franconia same afternoon, and Mountains same evening or next morning.

Stages from the Mountains connect with the last down train, at Warren 12:55, P. M.; at Plymouth, 1:40, P. M.; at the Weirs 2:22, P. M.; reach Concord at 3:45, P. M.; Nashua at 5, P. M.; Boston 6, P. M.; New-York via Worcester and Nashua, and Norwich and Worcester Steamboat line, at 7 o'clock next morning.

Travellers for the Lakes and Mountains leave New York at 5 o'clock, P. M., from Pier 18, foot of Courtland St., in the safe, commodious, and well-known Steamers, KNICKERBOCKER, *Capt. Wilcox*, CONNECTICUT, *Capt. Williams*, and by the Norwich and Worcester and Worcester and Nashua Railroads, intersecting with the train from Boston at Nashua.

Fare from Boston to Flume House, 4.50; to White Mountains, via Plymouth, or Centre Harbor, $6.00.

Fare from New-York to White Mountain Notch, via Plymouth and Franconia, or Centre Harbor and Conway, $8.75.

Tickets may be obtained at New-York for the Lakes and Mountains, of A. C. HALL, at the office of the Norwich and New-London Steamboat Co., Pier 18, foot of Courtland St., and also aboard of the boat.

At Boston, Tickets may be obtained at the Coach and Ticket Office, Scollay's Building, 50 Court St., and at the Ticket Office of

the Boston and Maine Railroad, Boston, for the Lake, Franconia Notch, and White Mountains.

Travellers returning from the Mountains may obtain tickets through to New-York or Boston, at the prices specified, at each Hotel, at the Franconia or White Mountain Notches. Authorized Agents for these routes at the Mountains, are Messrs. Mark Gillis and Henry W. Ranlett, who will sell tickets and give all necessary information respecting the several routes, which may be relied upon.

JAS. N. ELKINS,
Agent B., C. & M. Railroad.

COCHECO HOUSE,

BY J. S. THOMPSON,

ALTON BAY, N. H.

THE COCHECO HOUSE is but one mile from

LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES

to be had at all times.

AMERICAN HOUSE,

By William R. Smith,

In sight of the R. R. Depot,

DOVER, N. H.

The favorable location of this House will recommend it to individuals and families desirous of spending the summer months in a pleasant country village. The fare and accommodations guaranteed to give satisfaction.

WHITE MOUNTAINS,

VIA THE

Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railroad.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Passenger Trains run through twice a day between St. Johnsbury Vt., and Boston:

Leave St. Johnsbury for the South at 4¾, and 11:30, A. M.
Leave W. R. Junction " 7¼, A. M., and 2½, P. M.
Leave Concord, N. H., " 10:10, A. M., and 5, P. M.
Arriving in Boston at 12:50, and 7½ P. M.
Leave Boston for St. Johnsbury at 7½, A. M., and 12, M.
Leave Concord, N. H., " 10¼, A. M., and 3, P. M.
Leave W. R. Junction " 1:48, and 6:55, P. M.
Arriving at St. Johnsbury at 4:08, and 9½, P. M.

Trains from the Passumpsic Road connect at White River Junction, with the Northern Road, for Concord, Manchester, Nashua and Boston, via Lawrence and Lowell, Salem, Newburyport, Portsmouth, Portland and the East. Also, with Vermont Central Road, for Montpelier, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal, Ogdensburg and the West.

At Bellows Falls, with the Cheshire Road for Keene, Fitchburg, &c.; and with the Rutland Road for Rutland, Whitehall, Troy, Saratoga, &c.

At Springfield, with the Western Road, for Albany, &c., and with the New Haven and Hartford Road, for New York.

Cars run through between St. Johnsbury and Boston, and Springfield, avoiding the necessity of frequent changes so inconvenient to passengers.

Through Baggage Masters run on each Train.

On the arrival of the first train from the South, Stages leave the principal Stations on the Passumpsic Road, for towns in the vicinity, on both sides of the River; also, for the **White Mountains**, and all towns in Northern New-Hampshire, and St. Johnsbury for all towns in Northern Vermont and Canada East.

Stages arrive from the interior in season for trains South.

ROBERT HALE, Agent.

White Mountains

Via the Northern Railroad.

Passenger Trains, in connection with the Lowell, Concord, Vermont Central and Passumpsic Railroads, leave Concord for White River Junction, Wells River, St. Johnsbury, Montpelier, Burlington, Rouse's Point, Ogdensburg, Montreal, &c., at 10:15, A. M., and 3, P. M., and for Bristol at 3, P. M., or on arrival of the trains from Boston.

Leave White River Junction for Boston at 7:05, A. M., and 1:50, P. M., and Bristol at 8:20. A. M.

Passengers by the first train up on the Northern and Sullivan Railroads, can pass betwixt Concord and Windsor, Claremont, Charlestown, &c., without detention.

Numerous stages connect with the road, and leave Bristol for New-Hampton, Hebron, Groton, &c.; Potter Place (Andover) for New-London, Croydon, &c.; West Andover for East and West Springfield, Grantham, Croydon, &c.; Lebanon for Meriden, Claremont, &c.; Wells River for Bath, Littleton,

White Mountains,

&c.; St. Johnsbury for Lancaster, N. H., &c., Lyndon, Barton, Derby, Vt., Stanstead, Canada; Danville for Hardwick, Craftsbury, &c.; Woodstock Depôt for Quechee Village, Woodstock, Bridgewater, &c.

ONSLOW STEARNS, Agent.

CERRO GORDO HOUSE,

At Meredith Bridge,

Near the Rail Road Depot.

THIS House has been put in the best condition for the entertainment of all families, parties and persons who may travel for health or pleasure during the coming warm season. The Cerro Gordo is the largest Hotel in the county with one exception. The rooms are all freshly finished and furnished in modern style. The larder shall at *all times* be supplied with as desirable luxuries as can be found in this or the city markets, and prepared as skilfully for use, as at any other hotel in the country. In short, the subscriber (with long experience,) pledges himself to do all that can contribute to the comfort and entire satisfaction of the patrons of the Cerro Gordo, and that they shall find all such things clustering in and about it.

To the sportsman, the best of trout fishing in our numerous neighboring rivers, bays and lake. Also, abundant game in our forests. To those desirous of quiet exercise, good Bowling Alleys and a splendid Billiard Table, for the use of travellers, and the patrons of *this Hotel only*, will at all times be at *their* service. The country around the village is beautiful, the roads good, and the scenery unsurpassed. From the Cerro Gordo to the summit of Mount Belknap, is about four miles: the ascent romantic and easy, and the view from its apex, of the surrounding country, in point of GRANDEUR AND BEAUTY is

WITHOUT A PARALLEL

in this section of the country. A very extensive Livery Stable, furnishing the

Best Saddle Horses and every kind of Carriage,

is connected with the establishment. A large and skilful Band of Music is at all times in readiness to discourse in the Dining Hall or Piazza, for the pleasure of the patrons of the House.

With such accommodations, at very moderate charges, for the gratification of those who may honor him with their preference, the subscriber will strive hard to merit, and hopes to receive a generous share of public patronage during the coming warm season.

C. O. OSGOOD.

PAVILION HOTEL,

By Daniel Chamberlin,

WINNIPISEOGEE LAKE,

WOLFBOROUGH, N. H.

THIS House is new, erected but two years since, and finished and furnished with all the modern improvements and conveniences. For beauty of location, surrounding scenery, both land and water views, ease of access, and the usual attractions of a Fashionable Resort, it has

NO SUPERIOR IN THE COUNTRY.

Pleasant walks and rides, skirting the Lake or Forest, and conveniences for Fishing in the Lake and surrounding streams, are furnished in abundance.

There is direct communication with Boston, twice daily, by Railroad and Steamboat, the latter a beautiful ride of sixteen miles on the Lake. Running time from Boston to the landing at the Hotel, is six hours, by way of the Boston & Lowell, or Boston & Maine Railroads. There are, also, direct lines of Railroad and Stages to the White Mountains, north and east.

Improvements about the House and Grounds have just been made. Also,

A LARGE STABLE,

Bowling Alleys with Saloon,

&c., &c., added, rendering this House still more

ATTRACTIVE TO THE TRAVELER

for pleasure, and parties wishing to spend a short time in the country.

The subscriber pledges himself that nothing shall be wanting to render the visits of his guests pleasant and satisfactory. DANIEL CHAMBERLIN.

WILLOUGHBY LAKE HOUSE,

BY BEMIS & HALL,

WILLOUGHBY LAKE, VT.

This House has been erected within the last year for the accommodation of those visiting Willoughby Lake. It is located on a gentle rise of land about fifty rods from the lake shore, and commands a fine view of the Lake itself and of the precipitous mountains on either side. There is a double piazza upon the portion fronting the water; while all along the roof of the main part a promenade walk has been built. The House is three stories high, and one hundred and ten feet long. It has been

Built in the most Modern Style,

and finished with much care. The furniture is directly from Boston. The size and location of the parlors and sleeping apartments, it is believed, will be found satisfactory.

The scenery and objects of interest are such, here, as cannot be rivalled in New England. The Lake is as beautiful as Lake George — while the mountains that overlook it are more

Grand and Magnificent

than the Palisades. From Mt. Anapana — the highest peak — the White Mountains, the Green Mountains, Owl's Head, Lake Memphremagog, Lake Champlain and many other distant points of attraction are visible.

Upon the Lake there are a number of

PLEASURE BOATS OF VARIOUS SIZE,

adapted to the use of large parties or single individuals. There are horses and carriages at the hotel for drives in the vicinity and for the ascent of the mountain.

The preprietors of the "Willoughby Lake House" will spare no pains or exertion to make the house worthy the location on which it stands; and trust that those fond of

Grand Scenery, Pure Air,

abundant sport and reasonable charges will visit them.

Distances.	St. Johnsbury,	20	miles.
	Fabyan's,	56	"
	Flume House,	63	"
	Boston,	203	"
	New York,	342	"

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN HOUSE,

White Mountains, N. H.

Will be opened as usual, during the season, and no efforts will be spared to make it one of the

MOST AGREEABLE SUMMER RESORTS.

Families and Invalids

will find the House a quiet one, and the most zealous attention paid to their wants.

THE SCENERY IS MAGNIFICENT,

and the location as pleasant as any in the vicinity, being but a few steps from the "Water-falls," The streams on the farm

Abound in Trout,

AND

PLENTY OF GAME CAN BE FOUND

within half a mile of the house.

HOT OR COLD BATHS AT ALL TIMES.

GOOD HORSES AND CARRIAGES,

WITH EFFICIENT GUIDES,

are always in readiness to convey visitors to all places of attraction.

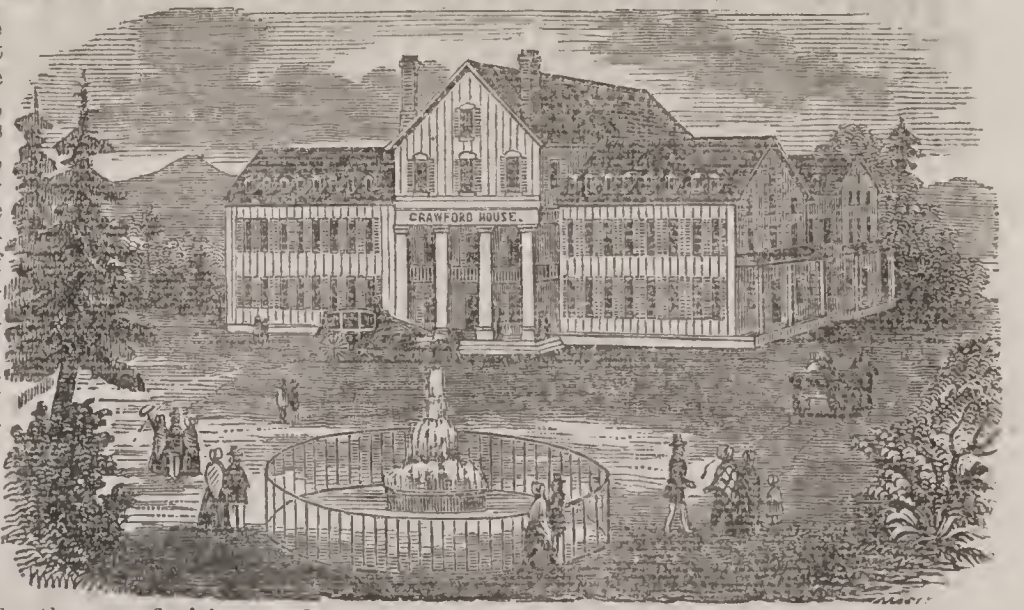
STAGES LEAVE THIS HOTEL DAILY for Gorham, Franconia Notch, Littleton and Conway.

Persons wishing to remain here a few weeks can engage rooms by letter, directed as above.

JOHN H. WHITE.

Assisted by HENRY THOMAS, and JOHN W. PUTNAM.

CRAWFORD HOUSE, WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.



THE CRAWFORD HOUSE, of which the above is a correct representation, is situated at the Notch of the White Mountains, New Hampshire. It commands a complete view of the Notch, and of a vast panorama of mountains which constitute the White Mountain range. For the extent, variety and grandeur of the mountain scenery in its vicinity, its location is unrivalled in the world.

The House is entirely new, and has been constructed expressly for the accommodation of pleasure travel. It is conveniently arranged for families and parties; it is well furnished throughout, and contains all the comforts and conveniences of a modern first-class Hotel.

Well trained Horses are kept for the use of visitors, who wish to ascend Mount Washington. Horses and Carriages are always to be had for parties to visit Mt. Willard, the Willey House, and other objects of interest in this Alpine region of New England. DAILY STAGES arrive at the House, from all the prominent points of communication. ☞ *Extra Coaches furnished at all times.* A Daily Stage will run to the Station House on the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad to Gorham. The undersigned pledges himself that the patrons of the CRAWFORD HOUSE shall receive every possible attention at his hands. Post Office address, Crawford House, White Mountains. N. H.

J. L. GIBB, Proprietor, Formerly of the Lafayette House, Franconia Notch.

MOUNT WASHINGTON HOUSE,

WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

By Horace Fabyan.

THIS House, so well known to the travelling public is now open for the reception of transient or permanent visitors. The superior attraction of location for fine views, from this house is unsurpassed, being situated upon a plain near the base of Mount Washington, thus commanding a fine view of the entire range of Mountains and the surrounding country, which is not obtained from any other House in this vicinity, their views being circumscribed to a few rods. The ascent of the Mountains from this House presents superior attractions, ascending by one path and returning by another, thus at every step different views are presented; again it is much the easiest, being only one-fourth of a mile farther than the nearest, while five miles of the ride is upon a level plain. The House is large and new, having been built only three years, containing about 100 large, airy and well ventilated rooms, furnished in a style unsurpassed. The table always abounds with every delicacy and luxury that the season and market affords, with gentlemanly and courteous servants always in readiness to administer to the comfort and happiness of the visitors. The Stable is furnished with a large number of fine, easy riding ponies, always in readiness for the Mountains or any other excursion of pleasure or profit, which are so well trained and *sure-footed*, that the most timorous may ascend the Mountains without fear, in perfect safety, and with gentlemanly and intelligent guides, whose delight it will be to impart information and happiness to all. Fine Horses and Carriages with careful drivers always at hand to carry visitors through the "Notch" to the "Willey House" and back, or upon any other excursion. The rides in the vicinity of this house, for beauty and grandeur are superior to any, and not easily accessible from any other House. The FALLS are beautiful, the "ECHO" cannot be beat. The Fishing grounds are near at hand, and the speckled trout may be had in any abundance by the lover of angling. The forests abound with the deer, the bear, and all kinds of game for the unerring shot of the sportsman. In fact every thing in connection with this house tends to make it a fashionable and pleasing HOME for the visitor in pursuit of health or pleasure. The Landlord will spare no expense to make it a happy home to all who may favor him with a call.

COOSSUCK HOUSE,

BY

HARRY B. STEVENS,

AT WELLS RIVER, VT.,

38 MILES FROM THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

The principal way-station on the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railroad, — distance, 8½ hours ride from Boston, 20 miles from Littleton, 24 miles from Cobleigh's at the Franconia Notch, 38 miles from Fabyan's and 40 miles from Gibb's, at the White Mountains, the nearest point by railroad, when smooth roads and comfort are considered, from which the excursionist can reach the "Crystal Hills."

Stages leave immediately after the arrival of the first train of Cars, by which tourists will reach the Mountains the same evening. Coaches will leave in the morning, for the Mountains, to accommodate those who may arrive in the last train of cars the evening previous. And also, arrive at this house in the evening *from* the Mountains, to connect with the morning train south, the ensuing day.

At the Coossuck House, it will be the effort of the proprietor, that the traveller find a quiet home; while to the tourist and pleasure seeker, within a circuit of a few miles, natural scenery presents itself which cannot fail to render his stay one of the pleasantest in his journeyings. Within sight, just above the confluence of the three Rivers,—Connecticut, Wells River and Ammonoosuc—lies "Gardner's Mountain," to the top of which is a good bridle path, and from which the "Narrows," at his feet, the "Ox-Bow" and the villages showing its glossy belt, as it sweeps round the Islands and sharp points of Intervale, with "Moosehillock," the southern range of the White Mountains to fill up the background, give the visitors a view of picturesque beauty, variegated richness and extended landscape, rarely if any where equalled.

Attached to the Coossuck House, are conveniences for hot and cold baths, pleasant drives, brooks and waters, where the disciple of old "Isaac Walton" may gratify his penchant for trout and other fishing, in close proximity, and enjoyed and reached with good double or single teams, or with horses trained to the saddle.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,

BY MOSES WOODWARD,

CORNER OF ELM AND CONGRESS STREETS,

PORTLAND, ME.

THE UNITED STATES HOTEL is on the most

Direct route from Boston to the White Mountains,

and is located in one of the most beautiful cities in New-England. It has been recently

Refurnished and Fitted Up.

The proprietor will spare no pains to render the stay of his patrons agreeable.

ELM HOUSE,

BY CHARLES H. ADAMS,

Corner of Temple and Federal Streets,

PORTLAND, MAINE.

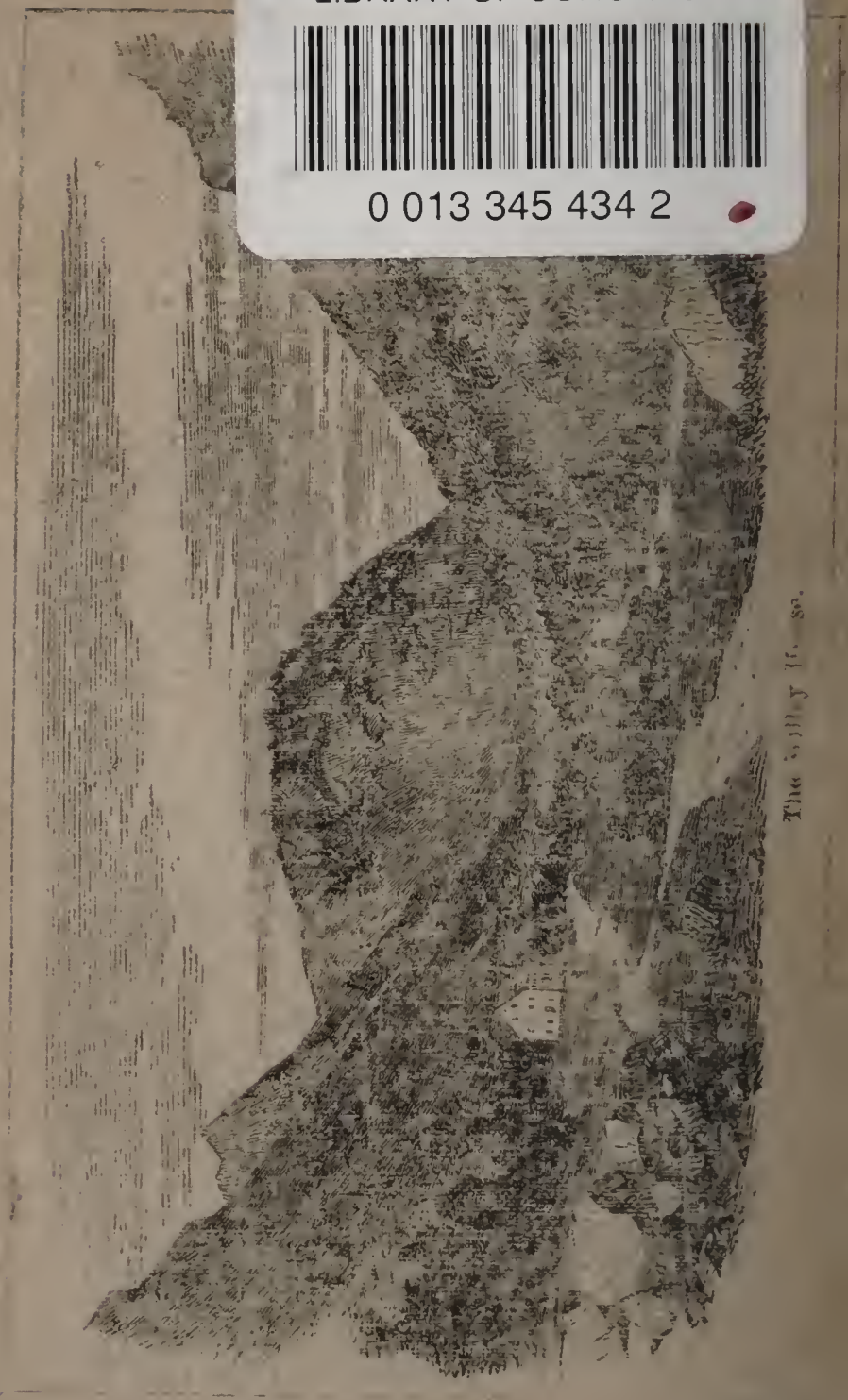
By giving his personal attention to the wants of his guests the proprietor will endeavor to maintain the reputation of this

OLD AND POPULAR STAND.

It has been

Recently Furnished Throughout,

and is now ready for the reception of summer travel. It is nearer the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad Depot and the Boston Steamboat wharf than any other House.



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